Vol. xcii — No. 1196A

The BYSTANDER

XMAS No

1926

2/-

The contents of this issue are so very bright and cheery that the cover has been kept fairly simple in order to give the other Annuals a chance.—EDITOR.

THE THINGS THAT ARE CHRISTMAS

are the things every self-respecting orthodox Yuletide card depicts—crisp, "scrunchy" snow, clear nights that euphonise the voices of even the least musical of carollers, a keen-cut moon that bids you polish up your skates, for they will certainly be needed on the morrow. These are the conditions you hope for, and an Austin will help you to enjoy them to the full. Yet, play the weather never so false, you will find unfailing comfort in your Austin—with reliability in performance and economy in service that will give you the warmest and most lasting satisfaction. There are 20 h.p., 12 h.p., and 7 h.p. models for every purse and purpose. Send for full details and list of prices.

THE AUSTIN MOTOR CO., LTD., LONGBRIDGE, BIRMINGHAM

LONDON SHOWROOMS: 479-483, OXFORD STREET W.1 (near Marble Arch).

Certainty of Smooth Hair——*Always*——

RUB a little ANZORA into your hair in the morning, part your hair as you like it—and that's that. No need to touch your hair for the rest of the day

ANZORA CREAM for greasy scalps, will not soil hat linings or pillows, and ANZORA VIOLA, for dry scalps, containing a little oil of violets, are sold in 1/6 and 2/6 (double quantity) bottles by Chemists, Hairdressers, and Stores.

ANZORA

Masters the Hair!

Manufactured by Anzora Perfumery Co., Ltd., London, N.W.6.

An Ideal Xmas Present

THE S.M.B.

TAKE-ABOUT BED-TABLE

A valuable gift for invalid friends Can be packed in a trunk. Tray, Linen, Tray Cloth and Chinaware to suit. Everything complete, dainty, and inviting The ideal table on which to serve a delicate meal.

It will be received with full appreciation and delight, for such a present carries a thought of goodwill and cheer very intimately to a friend in sick bed.

Special E.P.N.S. nameplates, as Illustrations, free, can be attached to the tray, thus affording a neat finish to the complete gift. Order at once.

FROM THE FAMILY
TO MOTHER
XMAS 1926

Gift to the Royal Hospital
by

From *John Smith*
Wishing you a Happy Xmas
1926

All British Make, 24 ins by 13 ins.

PRICES RANGE FROM **£1 18 6** TO **£6 6 0**

Write direct for illustrated Lists and Particulars, or let us send you list of stores stocking our goods.

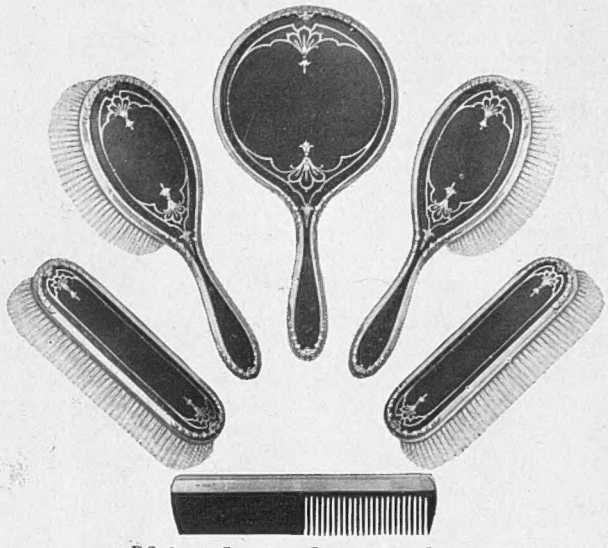
NORTHERN MANUFACTURING CO.,
48, West Princes Street, GLASGOW, C.4.

Gift Ideas!

P.S. 6751. STERLING SILVER HEXAGONAL INK STAND.
5 inches £1 16 0
4½ " 1 11 6
4 " 1 8 6

P.S. 6754. STERLING SILVER TRINKET BOX, lined velvet.
2½ ins. diameter, Engine Turned 20/-
Plain 17/9
3 ins. diameter, Engine Turned 27/6
3 ins. diameter, Plain .. 25/-

P.S. 6765. STERLING SILVER CREAM JUG.
3 inches high £1 17 6
2¾ " " 1 6 6
2¼ " " 18 6



P.S. 6515. STERLING SILVER AND INLAID TORTOISESHELL BRUSH SET.
Mirror, length 9¾ ins. .. Each £4 7 6
Hair Brush " 9 " .. " 2 10 0
Cloth Brush " 6½ " .. " 1 10 0
Hat Brush " 6½ " .. " 1 10 0
Tortoiseshell Comb .. " 1 8 6
(*London Manufacture*).

P.S. 6759. STERLING SILVER AND CUT GLASS JAM POT.
Total height 4¾ inches.
Complete with Spoon £1 6 6

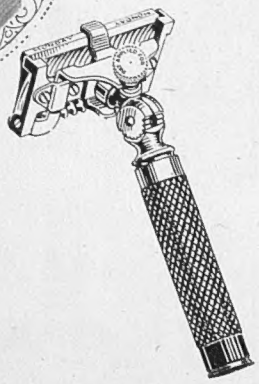
IN HARRODS GREAT SILVER SALON (Ground Floor).

HARRODS

KNIGHTSBRIDGE SW 1

Buy British Goods

Your Gift to Him —



will be treasured for a lifetime if it's a Wilkinson Safety Shaver.

The Wilkinson has blades to make shaving a perpetual delight—sturdy blades, hand-forged from finest steel, then **hollow-ground**. The lasting cutting power that all men seek in razors comes only from such blades.

The **New Adjustable Safety Frame,** by the twist of a screw, regulates the cutting depth of the blade precisely. A few seconds with the **Automatic Stropper** keeps the blades in perfect order.

WILKINSON

Safety Shaver With Hollow Ground Blades

Manufactured by
THE WILKINSON SWORD CO., LTD.,
53, Pall Mall, London, S.W.1.
(Opposite Marlborough House.)
Gun, Sword and Razor Makers.

SOLD EVERYWHERE

No. 121. Set with **7 Hollow Ground Blades,** each etched with a day of the week, New Adjustable Shaver Frame, Automatic Stropping Machine. In handsome polished Oak case **42/-**

No. 120. Model de Luxe Set as above but with Ivory Handle & Gold Plate Finish **63/-**

No. 122. Set as No. 121 but with **3 Hollow Ground Blades** in polished Oak case .. **25/-**

Also sets at 15/6 and 8/6.

A new Inspiration

NEW thoughts in dress creation—fresh inspirations in smart exquisitely elaborate Frocks and Gowns can be seen in our fashion salons. May Chester, the reputable dress designer, is responsible for many new styles which faithfully express the true spirit of Paris.

The Evening Cloak shown is in Chiffon Chenille embossed on silk Georgette. It is lined with Satin, with back cape of self material. The beauty of this cloak is enhanced by the trimming of Imitation Squirrel on Collar and bottom of Cape. **£11.11.0**

Beautiful Fashion Folio.

Every woman desiring to keep *au fait* with the trend of Fashion should possess a copy of the beautiful Art Folio of Paris Styles, by May Chester. On receipt of name and address it will be sent **Free.**

Roland & Rivkin
LIMITED
101 OXFORD STREET
LONDON, W.1.
Also at—
87 OXFORD ST. MANCHESTER

Very dainty little Dance or Party Frock for a small girl, made in taffeta with pretty trimmings on the full skirt. The front of neck and the little puffed sleeves are finished with tiny lace frills. This model can be made in any shade to special order. First size, 26 inches, Price **97/6** Rising **3/6** each size.

GOOCHS Ltd

APPROPRIATE SUITS AND FROCKS FOR THE CHRISTMAS FESTIVITIES

YOUTH'S DINNER SUIT.

Smartly cut and excellently tailored in good quality dress coating, this suit combines a distinctly smart appearance with durability. Stocked in sizes to fit 11 to 19 years. First size **125/-**, rising **4/-** each size.

Less expensive qualities **105/-**, and rising **4/-** each size **90/-**,

ETON SUIT.

Conforms to the regulation design and is well cut and tailored. Jacket and Vest in good quality black coating, and Trousers in suitable striped designs. To fit 8 to 14 years. Jacket and Vest. First size **40/-, 49/-, 58/-**, rising **2/-** each size.

Hairline Trousers.— First size from **21/-**, rising **6d.** each size.

Striped Trousers.— First size from **25/-**, rising **1/-** every two sizes.

Black Dress Trousers.— First size from **38/6**, rising **2/-** every two sizes.

PAM.

Dainty Net Dress trimmed with fine Valenciennes lace, with accordion pleated flounce over silk foundation, finished with soft satin ribbon at waist. Sizes, 16, 18, 20, 22 and 24 inches. Price, first size **33/11** rising **2/-** each size.

White Dress and Eton Waistcoats are stocked in all sizes. Prices **10/6** to **12/6** according to size.

GOOCHS LTD. (One Minute Knightsbridge Tube and Buses.) **BROMPTON ROAD, S.W.**

CELES

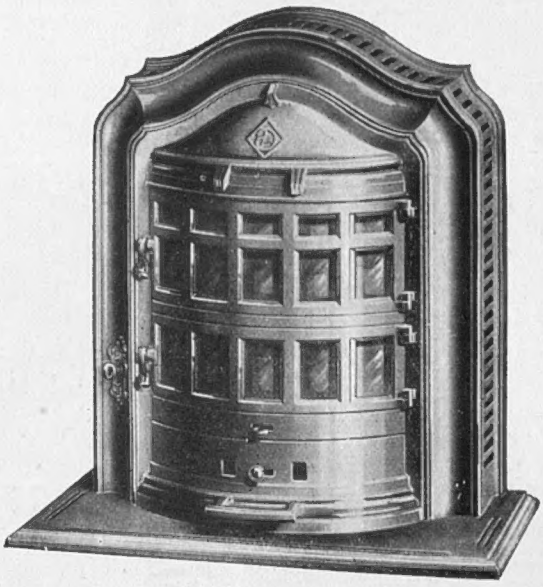
LATEST MODELS

Make certain that the Celes Regd. name is on every garment.

CELES REG° PURE SILK

CELES

Abolition of Drudgery



The "Don" Anthracite Stove, **£6 : 17 : 6**

Heating Capacity 5,000 Cubic Feet.

Booklet on Anthracite Stoves, also "Anthracite and its Uses," free on application.

LONDON WARMING CO., LTD.

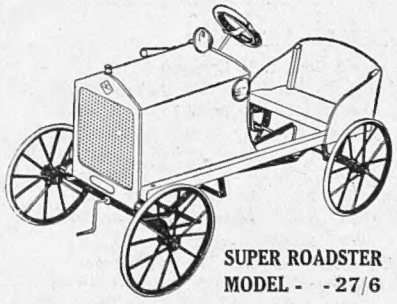
(Makers of the Celebrated "Kooksjole" Range),

18–19, Upper Rathbone Place, Oxford St., London, W.1.

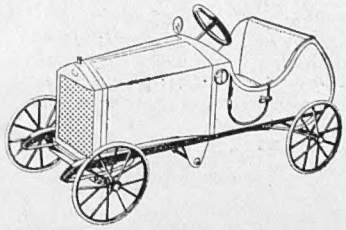
This will be the kiddies motoring Christmas

SPORTS MODEL
65/-
Other Models from 21/- to £5 : 15 : 0

Tan-Sad Motoring puts all other pastimes completely out of date. All the Kiddies want a Tan-Sad, engineer designed, British-built Motor-car. The lucky ones are getting theirs this Christmas. You will see them everywhere. Let *your* youngster see them from the steering seat of his own Tan-Sad Sports Model. Take him to the nearest Tan-Sad dealers and choose the Car that suits him. There's an ample choice.



SUPER ROADSTER MODEL - 27/6
A smart little car, fitted with our special double-crank pedal movement.

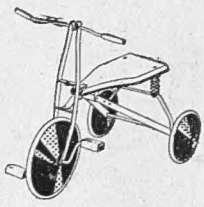


THE SEMI-SPORTS MODEL - 45/-
A very attractive car, combining all the exclusive features of Tan-Sad design. Supplied in blue and black, lined gold. Grey radiator.

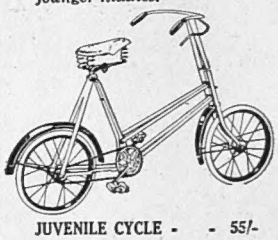
TAN-SAD
WHEEL TOYS

Send for free booklet
It illustrates the complete range and gives prices of all the wonderful TAN-SAD Wheel Toys.

MADE IN TAN-SAD ENGLAND



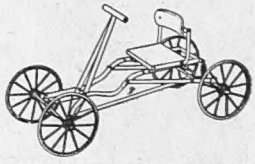
NIP ON - - - - 13/6
A sturdy little toy, especially made to give delight to the younger kiddies.



JUVENILE CYCLE - - 55/-
Practically indestructible. Will take the weight of a fully grown man. Cheaper Model, 39/6.

SPORTY TRICYCLE.
An exceptionally fine design. Supplied with wheels of varying size from 25/- to 32/6.

"PULLMAN" MODEL 40 55/-
A wonderful replica of the real Pullman Models.



THE ADJUSTACAR - 27/6
A hand-propelled car, with seat adjustable to suit children of all sizes.

THE SWIFT SCOOTER - 12/6
The most popular all-British Scooter. Very strong design. Folds when not in use.

This Transfer appears on all genuine TAN-SAD WHEEL TOYS.

TAN-SAD LTD., ARUNDEL WORKS, ALBERT ST., BIRMINGHAM
London: 9, Phoenix Place, Mount Pleasant, W.C.1 WT 10

XMAS GIFTS

EVERY Branch of Andersons' is a veritable storehouse of Christmas Gifts. Useful gifts, ornamental gifts, amusing gifts, but all of them gifts that will give years of undisguised pleasure. Here are just five suggestions out of thousands.

GENT'S guaranteed waterproof, made in double texture Fawn Canton, super-quality rubber proofing, all seams sewn. Suitable for all climates. **75/-**

ALSO in double texture Fawn and Olive Cashmere, check lining . . . **57/6**

LADIES' de Luxe waterproof (guaranteed), in featherweight Jap Silk, in all the popular shades **59/6**

GIRLS' 'Leatherproofs' (guaranteed waterproof) in a great variety of shades . According to size **16/9** to **24/-**

BOYS' guaranteed waterproof in double texture Paramatta, Fawn Shades . According to size **22/9** to **32/6**

RUBBER TOYS. We have a great variety of the latest models. The doll illustrated is The OLGA **2/-**

All prices less 5 per cent. for cash with order.

Full catalogue gladly sent post free.

Andersons'

Rubber Company, Ltd.

Indiarubber, Waterproof and Weatherproof Manufacturers.

37, Queen Victoria St., E.C.4 — 58, 59, Charing Cross, S.W.1
16, New Bond Street, W.1 — 190, Sloane Street, S.W.1
9 10, 13, High Street and Mary-le-Port Street, Bristol.
10, Queen Street, Cardiff.

A Happy Christmas -- heaps of good things to eat, and plenty of

PANYAN PICKLE

British made by Maconochie Bros., Ltd., and sold by all good Grocers.

For Your Vanity Bag

You will find in the new 'EASTERN FOAM' COMPACT POWDER a charming aid to beauty and a delightful addition to the "vanity bag." The box is attractively finished in a dull black ebony colour, with a neat little elephant's head embossed on the lid in the finest gilt. The inside also is gilt and fitted with a good mirror and puff. The powder has exactly the right quality of texture and the **unique** perfume of 'Eastern Foam.' Ask your Chemist to show you one of these boxes—they are irresistible.

2/- per box.

Refill (with Puff) **1/-** each.

In 4 shades:

White, Rachel, Pink and Naturelle.

From all Chemists and Stores.

EASTERN FOAM COMPACT POWDER

Made only by The British Drug Houses, Ltd., London.

"BRITANNIC"

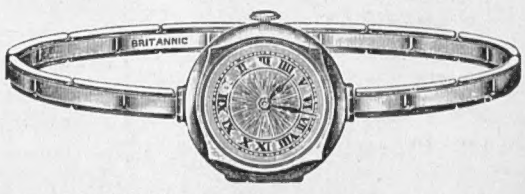
EXPANDING WATCH BRACELETS

COMPLIMENTS

From Messrs Dimmer & Sons, Ltd., Liverpool.
We enclose a gold "Britannic" Wristlet, with which the owner has had an accident. She tried to reach something from a shelf while standing on a chair, but fell, and the bracelet caught on a hook and the lady was hung up by the bracelet. We think this is a good ad. for the strength of the band. Will you please make it right as quickly as possible? The watch is going well.

From Messrs. Collingwood & Son, Ltd., West Hartlepool.
"Britannic" Watch Bracelet herewith. Joints and pins have worn and our customer thinks he had better have it seen to. It has been worn for 15 years, so I think this is a good testimonial for your bracelets.

From Messrs. Jay's, Brighton.
Our customer says she has had this "Britannic" Band in constant use for 13 years without once needing repair, and compliments us upon the soundness of our goods. We have pleasure in passing the compliment on to you.

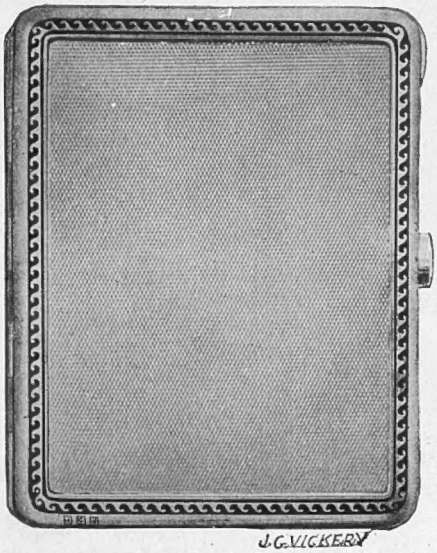


The "BRITANNIC" is made in many designs and widths, complete with watches in various styles, from 4 guineas.
If there is any difficulty about the guarantee, or for name of nearest jeweller, address a post card BCM/Britannic, 4 London

See the name "BRITANNIC" engraved inside the band

All Platinum, set Diamonds, only £42

All Platinum, set Sapphires and Diamonds, only £30



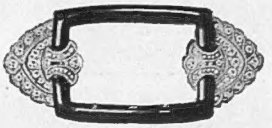
No. K 192.—**Solid Silver Cigarette Case** with Blue Enamelled Border. To hold 6 **72/6**, to hold 8 **84/-**

Xmas Gifts

The finest selection in London at J. C. Vickery's, at all prices from 10/6 to £500.

You are most cordially invited to call, or Illustrated Catalogue sent on request.

Fine Diamond Bow Brooch, £20



Fashionable Diamond and Black Onyx Brooch, £9 15 0

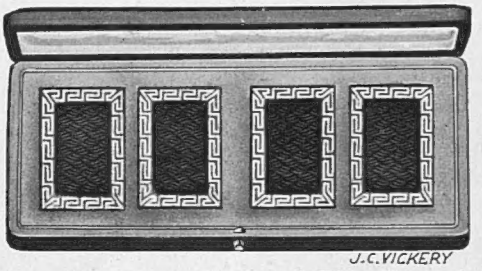
No. K 303.—**Lovely Solid Tortoise-shell Manicure Case,** with Finest Tortoiseshell and Steel Fittings. Size, 5¾ by 3¼ in., **£9 18 6** and **£11 18 6**

1

2

Fine Lever Movements
18-ct Gold.

No. 1 - - £8 10 0
No 2 - - £10 15 0



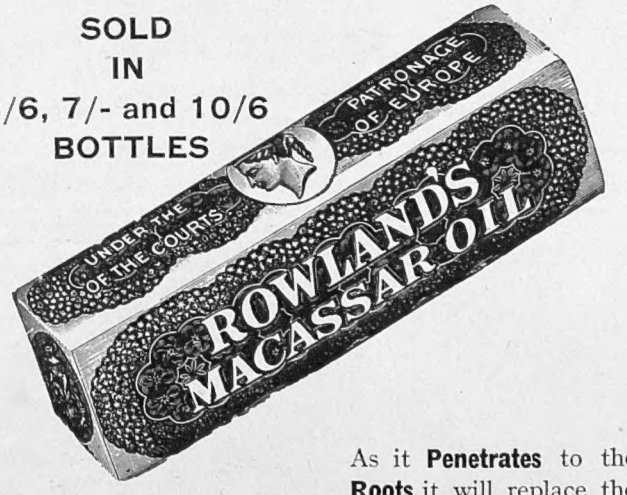
No. K 805.—**18-ct. Gold and Blue Enamel Sleeve Links** with White Borders, **£4 18 6**

J·C VICKERY·
145 & 147 REGENT ST. LONDON. ·W·1·
By Appointment Silversmith etc. to H.M. the King Jeweller to H.M. the Queen Silversmith to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales

ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL

is an absolute necessity for the HAIR

SOLD IN 3/6, 7/- and 10/6 BOTTLES



It is also prepared in a **Golden Colour** for **Fair Hair.** Sold by Stores, Chemists, Hairdressers, and A. Rowland & Sons, Ltd., London.

As it **Penetrates** to the **Roots** it will replace the loss of the **Natural Oil** in the Hair, the want of which causes Baldness. **Ladies and Children** should always use it, as it lays the foundation of a luxuriant growth.

The 'Spartan' Solid Gold Watch —exceptional Xmas Offer

The "Spartan" Watches are now too well known to require reiteration of their exceptional qualities. It suffices to say that they are the finest watch value obtainable. Moreover, every piece is backed by the 176 years' reputation of the world-famous house of Sir John Bennett, Ltd.

As a Christmas offer, one of the following "Spartan" Watches can be yours for £1 down. The balance is payable by monthly instalments of £1

For £1 down

9 ct. Gold, Crystal Glass (No. 8) **£10 10;** Half-Hunting (No. 9) or Hunting (No. 10) **£14;** 18 ct. Gold, Crystal Glass (No. 11) **£21.** Half-Hunting (No. 12) or Hunting (No. 13) **£25.** All in English made, domed case, fully jewelled high quality lever movement and compensation balance.

SIR JOHN BENNETT, LTD.,
Established 1750.
65, Cheapside, London, E.C.2.

ORDER FORM—To Sir John Bennett, Ltd., 65, Cheapside, E.C.2.

Please forward me a No. ..... "Spartan" Solid Gold Watch. I enclose £1 and agree to pay balance by consecutive monthly instalments of £1.

Signature .....

Permanent Address .....

.....

Occupation .....

Date ..... Please state No. of watch clearly. B

Any article of jewellery or plate can be obtained on the special Sir John Bennett deferred payment system.

Complete Catalogue sent on request.

A Useful and Novel Christmas Present

The "BOSWELL" THEATRE BAG

Registered No. 721788

Made from the finest quality leathers only, and lined throughout with best moire silk.

Fitted with pair best quality triple lens opera glasses, cases for cigarettes and matches, mirror in flap, and purse with inner division.

Size of Bag, 4¼ by 3¾ by 1¼ ins.

PRICES:

In finest crushed morocco, Blue, Rose, Beige, Platinum, Green, Rosewood, Mauve	65/-
In velvet calf, Fawn, Grey or Nigger	65/-
In fine grain roan, Light Grey, Rosewood, Blue, Red, Black, Beige	55/-

All opera glasses covered leather to match bag.

The same bag as above can be had fitted with puff case and mirror in pocket instead of cigarette and match cases. Prices 45/- and 55/-.

BOSWELL HENSMAN,

87, Regent Street, London, W.1

Telephone No.: Regent 3730. Telegrams: "Silvaletha," Piccy, London.

Young's MOUNTAIN DEW

"QUALITY FIRST" has been the motto of the firm since 1797. The motto is particularly exemplified in Young's Mountain Dew, which possesses a distinctive aroma, style and mellowness which have secured it a leading position in every market throughout the world.

Edwd Young & Co Ltd
Glasgow London & Liverpool.

Glenugie Distillery, Peterhead, Aberdeenshire. Head Export Office: 62, Mark Lane, London.

Quality First Since 1797

MARSEILLES

HOTEL DE NOAILLES

Rue de Noailles—Cannebière.

130 *rooms—all with bath and 'phone.*

GREATEST COMFORT—BEST SITUATION.

HOTEL BRISTOL

Rue Cannebière, facing Bourse.

The business man's hotel.

EVERY COMFORT—REBUILT 1926.

F. RECOUSSINE, Man Director of "Hermitage" & 'Atlantic," Le Touquet.

Superfluous Hair!

Whereas razors and ordinary depilatories merely remove hair *above* the skin surface, Veet melts the hair away *beneath* it. The skin is not left darkly speckled with blunt hair ends, but flawlessly white, soft and smooth. Veet is a perfumed velvety cream which you apply just as it comes from the tube. In a few minutes rinse it off and not a hair remains. It has been used by more than three million women. Entirely satisfactory results are guaranteed in every case, or money back. Sold by all chemists, hairdressers and stores at 3/- and 1/6.

Beware of Imitations!

VEET 1/6

Removes Hair Like Magic

300 Rooms

200 Bathrooms

Sunniest Situation

Under same management, the leading Family Hotel

HOTEL des ILES BRITANNIQUES

Is that CORN COMING BACK AGAIN?

Did you merely cut the top off? And is the *ROOT STILL THERE?* If it is, the corn will certainly come back bigger than ever. The business end of a corn is the *ROOT* and you must get that *OUT*. The *top* doesn't matter.

A good handful of Reudel Bath Saltrates dissolved in a gallon or so of hot water will soften corns and callouses, like water softens soap. Just soak them in this for a while, then take hold of the corn with your fingers, and out it will come, root and all. The refined **Reudel Bath Saltrates** costs very little, and every chemist has it. A half-pound is sufficient to rid the whole family of all foot troubles.

REUDEL BATH SALTRATES

All the Year Round
AT
DINARD
"THE MONTE CARLO OF BRITTANY"
8 hours from SOUTHAMPTON—9 hours from PARIS

CASINOS OPEN ALL YEAR
—BOULE—BACCARA
DANCING—CINEMA—THEATRE
Golf (18 holes) and Tennis Clubs—ALL SPORTS

For full information, apply to SYNDICAT d'INITIATIVE
or Office Français du Tourisme, 56, Haymarket, London, S.W.1.

DINARD HOTEL
Facing Sea—Central Heating and Running Water.
MODERATE TERMS.

VICTORIA HOTEL
SPECIAL WINTER TERMS.
Central Heating and Running Water.

HARRY'S SPORTS.
English Sporting Outfit Garage R.A.C.

DEAF!
Come now and hear with the marvellous new "Ossicaide" and then have
PERFECT HEARING
for Xmas—and all the days to come.

With the eliminating of all strain borne by the delicate Auditory Nerve, you *naturally* hear again true-to-tone sounds and voices with delightful clarity. And this without embarrassment of cumbersome tubes and headbands.

CONSULTATIONS FREE DAILY
Hours 9.30 till 6 p.m. Saturdays 9.30 till 1 p.m.

"Ossicaide"
V. A. FOOT, SOLE INVENTOR,
"WALMAR HOUSE,"
296, REGENT ST., LONDON, W.1
TELEPHONE: MAYFAIR 1528. Just above Oxford Circus.

GOLF HOTEL - HYÈRES
The Sporting Centre of the Riviera.

Every Comfort—Restaurant—Orchestra—Moderate Terms
GOLF LINKS (18 holes), 4 TENNIS, 6 CROQUETS.
L. G. ROSSIGNOLI, *Managing Director.*

HENDAYE
Midway between St. Sebastian and Biarritz.
HOTEL ESKUALDUNA

Every luxury

Golf Tennis & Casino

Facing Sea.

LYONS
CARLTON HOTEL,
Place de la République.
The Aristocratic Hotel,
RESTAURANT - - - - - GARAGE

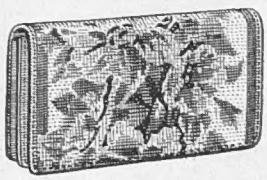
SAN REMO ITALIAN RIVIERA.
One hour from Monte Carlo.
THE ROYAL
The Hotel for Comfort.
B.S. Illustrated folder free on request. M. BERTOLINI, *Prop.*

RIVIERA PALACE—MONTE CARLO
Re-opens November.
The finest panorama and the best restaurant.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS AT GOOCHS Ltd

OF KNIGHTSBRIDGE.

However well you plan your gift-giving there are always people for whom it's rather difficult to choose — but Goochs can help you here with a host of original suggestions for every age and taste. Moreover, you will be agreeably surprised at what little cost you can complete your gift list. Here are a few examples— won't you inspect the rest ?

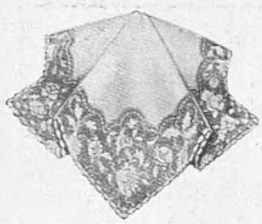


All orders are sent post free in the United Kingdom.

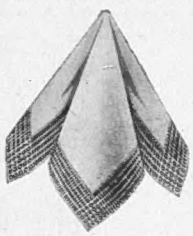
The season's novelty — a Tapestry Bag with a Beige ground and a floral design in charming soft colourings. Lined throughout with Beige moiré and fitted with captive mirror, purse and shingle comb. Size 7½ × 4½ ins. Price **13/11**

This rich crêpe de Chine Evening Shawl, is finished with a deep knotted fringe and is stocked in plain shades of Cyclamen, Royal Blue, Fuchsia, Jade, Peach, Ivory, Gold, Cardinal or Pink, also Black, 2½ yards square, with fringe. Suitable for day or evening wear. Price **49/6**

We have a particularly large and varied selection of Toys and other presents for Little Folk. All most moderately priced, of course.

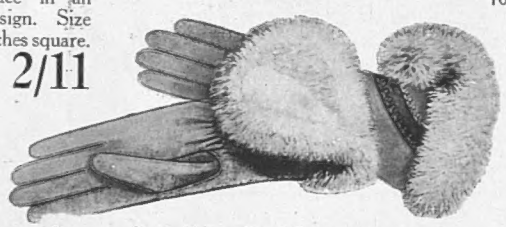


Attractive Boudoir Cap in crêpe de Chine and fine lace. In Coral, Cyclamen, Ivory and Shell Pink. Price **6/11**



H. 1. Ladies' Dainty Linen Handkerchiefs of excellent quality attractively trimmed with an appliquéd border of fine net lace in an exquisite design. Size about 10 inches square. Price, each **2/11**

H. 2. Fine White Linen Handkerchiefs of excellent quality. The border is an exquisite and good reproduction of Apenzell needlework. Size about 10 × 10 ins. Price, each **1/9** Dozen **20/-**



Super quality " Velour Finish " washable Lavoskin Gloves, British made and daintily trimmed, edged with fur to tone with leather. Lined throughout with fleecy wool and deep cuff lined inside with White fur. In pleasing shades of Beige and the new Pink Fawn. Price, per pair **32/6**

Also in the same leather and shades but without needlework trimming on cuff, Price, per pair **29/6**

No. 1. Distinctive Umbrella with a shark's skin handle and end. Best quality silk covers in Grey, Beige, Brown, Navy, Purple, Green or Black, fitted on Fox's frames. Prize **39/6**

Quilted satin mules with Paris heels in Pink, Pale Blue, Old Rose and Purple. Sizes 3 to 8. Price **14/9**

No. 2. Remarkable value is offered by this Umbrella with a carved imitation antique ivory handle with tips to match. Reliable silk covers on Fox's frame. In Black, Navy, Purple, Grey, Brown, Beige, Wine or Green. Price **18/6**

GOOCHS LTD., BROMPTON ROAD, S.W.

An "EVER READY" is always ready to Help

ON the darkest night there's no reason for hesitation or doubt they show you "the way to go home." A pattern for every purpose. An always acceptable present. Reliable because—

BRITISH & BEST

No. 1860

No. 2003

No. 2000

No. 1860. OAK HANDLAMP.
2½" Bull's-eye, Nickel fittings .. Price 10/6
3 cell Batteries .. .. .. each 1/6

No. 2003. "SPOTLIGHT" Focussing Torch, Projects 300ft. beam .. Price 10/6
Large 3 cell Torch Battery .. each 1/3

No. 2000. "SPOTLIGHT" POCKET LAMP, nickel plated or leather covered. Price 3/6
Standard 3 cell P.L. Battery .. each 9d.

"EVER READY"

PORTABLE ELECTRIC LAMPS

On Sale by all good class Stores, Ironmongers and Electricians everywhere. Insist on "EVER READY" Dry Batteries for long efficient service. Complete catalogue post free from Dept. C.Q.
THE EVER READY CO. (GREAT BRITAIN), LTD., Hercules Place, Holloway London, N.7.

BY SPECIAL WARRANT OF APPOINTMENT TO HIS MAJESTY KING ALFONSO OF SPAIN

BY SPECIAL WARRANT OF APPOINTMENT TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING OF PORTUGAL

GOLDEN GUINEA

NEEDS NO INTRODUCTION

PETER ROBINSON

Western Building For Ladies and Girls.

Eastern Building For Men and Boys.

A Catalogue of

Christmas Gift Suggestions

for

Men, Women & Children

will be sent on request.

PETER ROBINSON, Ltd., OXFORD ST. & REGENT ST., W.1.

"Luvisca" REG.D SHIRTS

PYJAMAS & SOFT COLLARS REAL COMFORT WEAR for MEN.

NOT easily crumpled or soiled, more durable than silk—at far less cost—"LUVISCA" Shirts, Pyjamas and Soft Collars ensure dignity and comfort by day and night.

LOOK FOR THE REGISTERED "LUVISCA" TAB ON EVERY GARMENT. NONE GENUINE WITHOUT.

"LUVISCA" SHIRTS, PYJAMAS and SOFT COLLARS make Ideal XMAS PRESENTS.

If any difficulty, write COURTAULDS, Ltd., (Dept. 30 M), 19, Aldermanbury, London, E.C.2, for name of nearest retailer and descriptive booklet.

A Special Section for WINTER SPORTS OUTFITS

Soon, the snow slopes, the frozen lakes, and the crisp, dry air will be calling the world of fashion to Switzerland and the joys of Winter Sport, and in order to meet the convenience of their patrons who are Winter Sports enthusiasts Dickins & Jones have opened, on the first floor, a Section devoted exclusively to Winter Sports attire. Full ranges of Alpine Sports Kit are in stock, and any desired advice will gladly be given. A Winter Sports Booklet sent free on request.

Smartly tailored Coat and Breeches (*illustrated on left*) in proofed Gaberdine. Coat is lined throughout, and Breeches excellently cut with proofed lining at knees and seat. Recommended for all Sports wear. **94/6**

Well-cut tailored Suit in double twisted proofed Gaberdine (*illustrated on right*). Coat is made on comfortable easy fitting lines. Adaptable Collar can be worn open or closed. Breeches are perfectly cut to give absolute freedom of movement. Colours: Green, Air Force Blue, and Red. In three sizes: 34, 36, and 38 **69/6**

Cap to match, **9/11**

MAKE ALL YOUR ARRANGEMENTS AT DICKINS & JONES!

When planning your visit to the Sports Centres you should remember that all arrangements as to travel and hotel accommodation can be made at Dickins & Jones in the George Lunn Travel Bureau, fourth floor. An expert on Winter Sports is in attendance, and an illustrated booklet showing plans of Hotels can be obtained for the asking.

DICKINS & JONES LTD

REGENT STREET

LONDON.W.1

THE ONLY SPECIAL HOSPITAL IN LONDON FOR THE TREATMENT OF CANCER.

NO LETTERS. NO PAYMENTS.

Fully equipped and specially staffed for the better treatment and research into the causes of Cancer.

A certain number of beds are provided for advanced cases, who are kept comfortable and free from pain.

Annual Subscriptions, Donations and Legacies are earnestly solicited, and should be addressed to the Secretary.

The Cancer Hospital

Founded 1851. (FREE) Research Institute built 1910.

FULHAM ROAD, LONDON, S.W.3.

Bankers: COUTTS & Co., 440, Strand. J. COURTNEY BUCHANAN, *Secretary.*

Christmas Remembrance

Hospitals, Institutions, Homes

CHRISTMAS is in the air. Not perhaps the Christmas of Dickens, that has gone the way of too many of the joys of our grandfathers, but something of it remains; something that is the very spirit of Christmas, which will not change so long as we keep this yearly feast. It is goodwill towards men, and the holding out of a helping hand to those less fortunate than ourselves.

There are so many of them; you have only to go out into the streets to see that. It is often difficult, however, to know how to make the best use of our gifts, and to be sure that every penny is doing its utmost. Therefore, good people, we draw your attention to the announcements in these pages.

AT this season the Church Army is fighting its grimmest fight against misery and want, and helping to their feet again those who have faltered on the Road of Life. It gives hope to the despairing, comfort to the destitute, work to the idle, and food to the hungry. Its work—and needs—are never ended. If, however, you wish your gifts to be appropriate to the Christmas season, here are two suggestions:—For £5 you can give 120 children a good dinner and a happy time; for 7s. 6d. a big parcel of Christmas food and fare can be taken to some needy and deserving family.

NOW turn from distress to disease. The dreadful scourge of cancer is making ravages among our people, of which only a part is realised. It spares neither rich nor poor, high nor low. For years now the Cancer Hospital, Fulham Road, S.W.3, has been doing magnificent work among the unfortunate people who suffer from this disease. If you, who are blessed with health, while enjoying your Christmas, will spare a moment to send a contribution, however small, to this splendid institution, you will have the added joy of knowing that the work of the hospital will still go on.

Remember the Children!

Christmas is the Children's Season when everybody tries to give them a happy time.

Will you help us with our family of four thousand? For many of them it is their first Christmas without father and mother.

NATIONAL CHILDREN'S HOME AND ORPHANAGE,

29 Branches.

4,000 CHILDREN.

Principal:
REV. W. HODSON SMITH

Treasurers
SIR CHARLES C. WAKEFIELD, C.B.E.
SIR THOMAS BARLOW, M.D., F.R.S.

Chief Offices:
HIGHBURY PARK, LONDON, N.5

A SPECIAL XMAS AND NEW YEAR APPEAL.

A piece of Constructive Christianity deserving of every support.

The SHAFTESBURY HOMES and "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

Are Training 1,000 Boys and Girls from all parts of the U.K.

FUNDS URGENTLY NEEDED

Patrons: THEIR MAJESTIES THE KING and QUEEN.
President: H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES, K.G.

10,000 Boys have been sent to the Royal Navy and Mercantile Marine.
Many hundreds have been emigrated to the British Dominions
3,000 Girls have been trained for Household duties, etc.

Chairman and Treasurer: C. E. MALDEN, Esq., M.A.
Deputy Chairman: F. H. CLAYTON, Esq.
Chairman of "Arethusa" Committee:
HOWSON F. DEVITT, Esq.

164 SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, LONDON, W.C.2.

Bankers: WESTMINSTER BANK, 214, High Holborn, W.C.2

A MERRIER CHRISTMAS!

YOURS will be a *merrier* Christmas if you will help "The Children's Champion" to bring laughter instead of tears—health instead of sickness—into the lives of ill-treated little children

Please send your CHRISTMAS GIFT to-day to Sir ROBERT PARR, O.B.E., Director

The N.S.P.C.C.

Victory House, Leicester Square, W.C.2.

The NATIONAL SOCIETY for the PREVENTION of CRUELTY to CHILDREN.

IMPERIAL

CANCER

RESEARCH FUND.

Patron—HIS MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY THE KING.

President—HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF BEDFORD K.G.

Chairman of the Executive Committee—SIR HUMPHRY ROLLESTON Bart. K.C.B.

Hon. Treasurer — SIR GEORGE MAKINS, G.C.M.G., C.B.

Director—DR. J. A MURRAY. F.R.S.

The Honorary Treasurer desires to thank those who have hitherto supported this Fund by their donations and subscriptions.

The object of the Research is for the good not only of the whole British Empire but of the whole world.

The scope of the work embraces detailed investigation of Cancer as it occurs in the human race and in the vertebrate animal kingdom.

Our recent Researches have undoubtedly advanced our knowledge of Cancer, and it is not too much to hope that the further prosecution of the investigations will ultimately yield results of the greatest importance on the nature and treatment of the disease.

The increased working expenses make it necessary again to appeal most earnestly to the generosity of the British public.

Donations and Subscriptions may be sent to the Honorary Treasurer, **8-11 Queen Square, London, W.C.1**, or may be paid to the Westminster Bank Limited, Marylebone Branch, 1, Stratford Place, London, W., A/c Imperial Cancer Research Fund.

for Those in Need.
and General Charities.

THERE is, too, the Imperial Cancer Research Fund, which is equally deserving of help. A great work is done by this organisation in aiding the efforts of the doctors and scientists who spend their lives finding out more and more about the disease, and thus are provided with additional knowledge to help the unceasing war in aid of its victims.

AND do not forget the children. Our thoughts should turn naturally to them at Christmas. The National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children will be grateful for your help, however small. Its work is so well known that further comment is unnecessary. Then there are the National Children's Homes, always providing a means of rescuing some mite from its poor surroundings and giving him or her a chance in life. Lord Shaftesbury's Homes, and the "Arethusa" training ship, founded by one of the truest lovers of children who ever lived, help the children of our slums in a way that is equally fine and practical. In Poplar, the Rev. W. Noël Lambert, St. Gabriel's Vicarage, is doing great work and will welcome anything you can give to make Christmas happy for the children or sick and aged poor. A gift to the Secretary of the Church Penitentiary Association, Church House, Westminster, will aid in the Association's work of rescuing and saving 10,000 poor women and children off the streets. To come to causes of a slightly different kind, there is the London Orphan School at Watford, which is educating the children of parents who have seen better days, but are now in less fortunate circumstances. If you would like your gift to help those to whom the years have proved unkind the Society for the Assistance of Ladies in Reduced Circumstances will put your gift to the best possible use. What better gift could there be, therefore, than a donation to help on the work of these great organisations?

Help the Needy *to a Happy Christmas!*

YOUR CHRISTMAS PARTY

YOUR £10 will enable the Church Army to arrange a happy helpful Christmas Dinner Party for 150 old folk or poor children.

YOUR £5 will give 60 poor children or old folk an equally happy dinner party.

YOUR 7/6 will provide some needy and deserving family with a big parcel of food for a Christmas Dinner in their own home.

URGENT *Please send your gift* **NOW** *to* **THE**

CHURCH ARMY

55, BRYANSTON STREET, LONDON, W.1.

Cheques should be crossed Barclays a/c Church Army payable to PREB. CARLILE, C.H., D.D., Hon. Chief Sec.

WILL YOU HELP THEM?

Girls and women on the verge of ruin and disgrace, criminally assaulted Children under 14 years of age. Will you help them to become self-respecting citizens?

The work of reclaiming, training, and restoring those who have succumbed to temptation is of enormous importance, and requires YOUR HELP.

NOW, MORE THAN EVER

there is a pressing need for more general support from Christian people.

WILL YOU HELP?

Gifts for the support of Rescue Homes and their work will be gratefully acknowledged and should be sent to

THE SECRETARY,
CHURCH PENITENTIARY ASSOCIATION,
Church House, Westminster, London, S.W.1.

Chairman:
Rev. Canon W. C. E. Newbolt.
Hon. Secretary:
Rev. F. H. Archer-Houblon, D.D.
Hon. Treasurer:
Major J. W. Drummond.

Society for the Assistance of Ladies in Reduced Circumstances.

UNDER ROYAL PATRONAGE. CHRISTMAS, 1926.

CHRISTMAS will soon be with us once more, with all the work it entails—Christmas, known as the Children's Festival—but it is our privilege to administer to the old and sick and lonely. We have to see that over 200 Ladies have gifts of money—extra gifts because it is Christmas.

Then I want to suggest people kindly paying one year's rent. Think how lovely to fall asleep on Christmas night and to wake up in the morning and know your rent is paid for a year!

Then, again, every poor Lady must have coals—they must have a bright and warm Christmas—and the younger ones who work for their living must not sit in the cold. How can they work if their hands are stiff with want of a warm fire? I know it means a lot of money, but coals prevent many illnesses—bronchitis and rheumatism.

Please send your kind gifts of money as soon as possible. Wishing you a Happy Christmas,—I am, yours truly,

EDITH SMALLWOOD, HON. SEC., LANCASTER HOUSE, MALVERN.

CHRISTMAS IN THE SLUMS

As you plan **your** Merry Christmas with its round of joyous festivities and present giving, don't forget the many dwellers in Dockland Slums, for whom there will be NO Merry Christmas Party: No Toy without your aid.

Remember the kiddies, hopefully EXPECTING!

Think of the sick and lonely aged.

Respond to your heart and be a Santa Claus or Fairy Godmother to some of these.

Help us to make this a HAPPY Christmas in Slumland.

MONEY TOYS SWEETS

Address: **The Rev. W. Noël Lambert, St. Gabriel's Vicarage, Poplar, E.14**

LONDON ORPHAN SCHOOL
and
ROYAL BRITISH ORPHAN SCHOOL WATFORD

For fatherless boys and girls of the necessitous middle class from all parts of the British Empire. Children are eligible between the ages of 7 and 11. Four hundred and fifty children are in the Schools; 148 orphans whose fathers were lost in the War have been benefited. £30,000 per annum are required to feed, clothe and educate this large family. A very urgent appeal is therefore made for contributions in support of this noble work, which has been carried on for over a century, and which has the great record of benefiting no fewer than

10,796

This National Work is Worthy of Generous Support.

ARTHUR P. BRATHWAYT *Hon. Treasurer.*
HENRY EASTWOOD, *Secretary.*

Offices:
ELDON STREET HOUSE, ELDON STREET, E.C.2

DEAF!

THE
DOUBLE PROBLEM

Until quite recently sufferers from distressing deafness have had to face a double problem: How to recover hearing ability without increasing the strain and tension of the affected member, and how to be assisted thus by some external means without attracting notice to themselves.

Now, for the first time in medical science and research the double problem of the deaf is

SOLVED!

The deaf are now offered a really helpful and efficient aid—a product of British Scientific research. It is perfected upon the basic principles of Hearing and is recognised by Aurists and Doctors as the only sound and reliable means of conferring lasting benefit upon the deaf.

The "Ossicaide" is the only aid which entirely eliminates the devastating strain upon the delicate Auditory Nerve, giving renewed hearing-powers by naturally re-operating the dormant faculties. It is a marvel of tininess, simplicity and ease, and is guaranteed for a lifetime's service. Come NOW and HEAR

CONSULTATIONS FREE DAILY. Hours: 9.30 till 6 p.m. Saturdays 9.30 till 1 p.m.

"Ossicaide"

V. A. FOOT, SOLE INVENTOR.
"WALMAR HOUSE,"
296, REGENT ST., LONDON, W.1
TELEPHONE: MAYFAIR 1528. Just above Oxford Circus.

HENRY HEATH LTD
OVER ONE HUNDRED YEARS OF HAT MAKING

By Appointment
To His Majesty the King and H.R.H. the Prince of Wales

"THE BRADWELL"
An ideal Sports Hat, made of specially selected fur-felt, in all the newest shades. Price 35/-

This Hat can also be obtained from our Provincial Agents.

A selection of Hats will be forwarded upon request.

105-107-109 OXFORD ST. W.

FOR ACUTE RHEUMATISM AND SERIOUS KIDNEY TROUBLE.

Alice Landles, Certified Nurse, explains a natural and permanent cure at home by the same treatment as used in hospitals

WHEN even slight kidney derangement is neglected there is not only the risk of Bright's disease, dropsy, or other practically incurable maladies, but the certainty that rheumatic disorders must eventually result. I know from years of hospital experience that rheumatism, gout, lumbago, sciatica, neuritis, bladder disorders or gall-stones, etc., are all simply the penalties of neglecting kidneys which have become weakened so that they cease to excrete the constantly accumulating uric acid and other impurities. However, no one need be a martyr to these complaints for a single day. Simply flush, cleanse and purify the kidneys occasionally by drinking a tumbler of water to which a level teaspoonful of pure refined *Alkia Saltrates* has been added. Any chemist can supply this pleasant-tasting compound at slight cost, and it dissolves sharp uric acid crystals as hot water dissolves sugar. *When dissolved they cannot be painful*, nor lodge in joints and muscles; also, the acid is then quickly filtered out and expelled by the kidneys. The "saltrated" water will also stimulate a torpid liver or clogged intestines, clearing them and the entire system of poisonous impurities or acids, sour bile, mucous, and bacteria.—A. L.

Typical specimens of uric acid crystals, highly magnified. No wonder they hurt!

EDGAR
ANTIQUES
Xmas Gifts

Superb pair of Ear-rings in Green, Red and Mauve JADE,
£12 : 12 : 0

We hold a large stock of Green, Red, Mauve and BLACK JADE

Oriental AMBER in large variety Yellow, Fire, Sparrowhead and Plum-bloom Amber.

CARVINGS in Amethyst, Agate Persian Lapis, etc.

All mounted specimens executed by expert craftsmen at half West-End prices

OLD CHINESE PORCELAIN.
FINE ENGLISH FURNITURE.

41, DUKE ST., OXFORD ST., W.
(Side of Selfridge's.)

"The next item will be a TALK-"

What a boon to be able to switch off and have a programme of your own selection.

The DOUSONA
GRAMOPHONE - WIRELESS Combination

is made for those who prefer to choose their own enjoyment. One simple adjustment converts from record to radio, or *vice versa*. THE PATENTED ALL-WOOD AMPLIFYING CHAMBER of the Dousona Gramophone becomes an effective loud-speaker. In either case the result is a revelation in purity and volume.

The DOUSONA RECORD-RADIO OUTFIT, *in finest selected mahogany as illustrated, including Loud Speaker unit, valves, batteries, etc.*, 35 Gns. *INSTALMENT TERMS arranged.*

DOUSONA MANFG. CO.
Showrooms at
170, Fleet Street, E.C.; 52, High Street, Croydon; 108, Old Christchurch Road, Bournemouth; 12 The Pavement, Redhill.

BERKEFELD FILTER BRITISH

Of all Ironmongers, Chemists & Stores. Write for Booklet.
Sardinia House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2

PASTA

Delightful and Refreshing for Bath & Toilet use.

MACK

PASTA MACK beautifies the complexion, softens the water and yields a delicious perfume to the skin, to which it imparts a snowy whiteness.

Of Chemists and Perfumers, 1/2½ and 3/6 Boxes.
Wholesale: Wm. Edwards & Sons, 1418, Nile Street, City Road, London, N.1.
Makers: H. Mack, Sucers. Ulm o/D.

Your Luck in your Hand

ORIENTAL PEARLS DIAMONDS and JEWELLERY at WHOLESALE PRICES

J. FERMO-DICK
PARIS - 8, rue de Rome (8e)
Buys and Sells - Designs new models. Re-setting of old jewels and stones.

D.H.Evans & Co.Ltd.

DAINTY AFTERNOON FROCK in TAFFETA SILK

. . . . . .

(Inexpensive Gown Dept.)

No. 77 B.D.—Collar and Cuffs of Beige Silk Georgette. Skirt daintily gauged at waist and corded at hem. In Almond Green, Powder Blue, Dull Rose, Navy or Black. Sizes: S.S.W., 42 in.; S.W., 44 in.; and W., 46 in. length, shoulder to hem.

PRICE **49/6**

Post Free.

Illustrated Xmas Catalogue Post Free

Oxford Street, LONDON, W.1

"La Naturelle" SHINGLETTE

THE SYMBOL OF PERFECTION

This newest production of MONS. GEORGES is a featherweight postiche for the front and sides of the head, which blends into the wearer's own hair at the back, and is absolutely undetectable.

PRICE *from* **£10 : 10 : 0**

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE DE LUXE SENT POST FREE

The "Times" System of Payment by Instalments is available.

Maison Georges

40 BUCKINGHAM PALACE RD. LONDON S.W.1

ONLY ADDRESS.

The House with the Unrivalled Reputation for Exclusive Hairwork

A Present for the whole family

AUTOMATIC CAMERA

FOR TAKING

Personal Motion Pictures

Every member of the family will be delighted if you give a Filmo—the ideal present for people who wish to avoid the commonplace in Christmas giving. It's the newest and most novel idea for the festive season, bringing no end of permanent fun and happiness into the home. Father on the screen! Your children, your family and social gatherings, sports, travel—all the best in life permanently and perfectly recorded by just pressing a button — that's all. If you wish to learn more of the world's most wonderful Cine Camera,

SEE YOUR LOCAL DEALER

or write direct to

Bell & Howell Co., Ltd., 320, Regent Street, London, W.1.

KINGSCOTT

XMAS PRESENTS.

TWO DELIGHTFUL GIFTS.

(1) The "Chumpie" Children's Play Rug.

Warm, Waterproof and Washable. The Ideal Rug for Nursery, Garden or Beach. In attractive bright colours

Price **24/9**

(2) The "Fixoquik" Portable Table.

Made in sections, each section being a table in itself. Supplied with long and short legs, enabling it to be used as a tea, card or bed table, and by combining two or more sections, it makes an excellent dining table. Heat-proof finish in Oak, Mahogany and artistic colours. Invaluable in small houses and flats where space is a consideration.

Prices from **£2 - 10 - 0**

A section of the "Fixoquik" Table, folded for carrying.

Both the above obtainable at all Leading Stores and Nursery Outfitters, or direct from

FIXOQUIK INVENTIONS,

Triumph House,

189, REGENT ST., W.1.

where other attractive novelties are on view.

D.H.Evans & Co. Ltd.

CHARMING COATEE for HOUSE or HOTEL WEAR

. . . .

No. 109 WB.—**COATEE** in good quality Velveteen. Cut on full lines. A very useful garment. Obtainable in *Black* only, and lined throughout Jap Silk Sizes 13½, 14, 14½.

PRICE **29/11**

Size 15, **34/11**

Post Free.

Illustrated Xmas Catalogue Post Free

Oxford Street, London, W.1

GIVE THEM EACH A RALEIGH THIS XMAS!

RALEIGH

THE ALL-STEEL BICYCLE

Only £1 down and 12 easy payments; cash from £6 7s. 6d.

GUARANTEED FOR EVER.

Send for "The Book of the Raleigh," free.

THE RALEIGH CYCLE CO., LTD., NOTTINGHAM.

Specify Sturmey-Archer 3 speed gear and Dunlop tyres.

This Christmas

GIVE HIM COLLAR COMFORT

Let him realise how truly comfortable collars can be. Give him Van Heusen—*the only collar in the world with the curve of the neck woven into the material* to ensure a perfect fit without creasing or wrinkling. Smart, clean-cut and dressy; "good form" for any occasion!

VAN HEUSEN

SEMI-STIFF

The World's Most Comfortable Collar.

ENTIRELY BRITISH MADE

—from a multi-ply fabric of finest Egyptian cotton, strong enough to outlast six ordinary collars. Easily washed—and needs no starch. White, colours or stripes—all sizes and styles. Buy him a set of six!

AT ALL MEN'S OUTFITTERS & STORES.

THE VAN HEUSEN INTERNATIONAL CO., Kinnaird House Pall Mall East, London, S.W.1.

16

THREE o'clock in the afternoon and the excitement of XMAS morning giving way to a drowsy sense of contentment. The "Rexine" upholstered chair has had a very busy day—in a few short hours it has been a step-ladder, a raft for shipwrecked mariners, a besieged fortress and, upside down, a cave from which fierce bears have growled.

No other upholstery would emerge so triumphantly, but then, "Rexine" is made to stand years of hard wear. Exactly like leather in appearance "Rexine" costs considerably less. Your furnishing house has a large range of grains and colours.

"Rexine" BRAND LEATHERCLOTH

REXINE LTD., HYDE, MANCHESTER.

LONDON: 60, Wilson Street, Finsbury, E.C.

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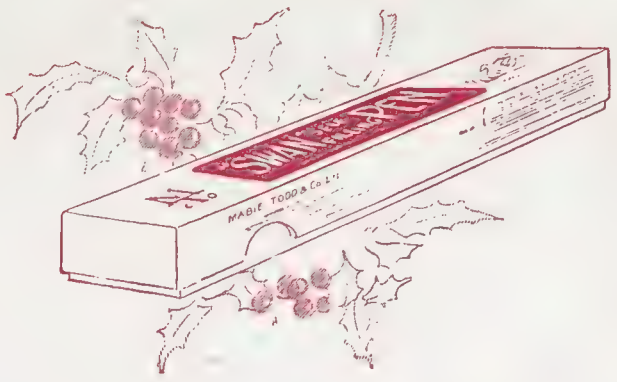

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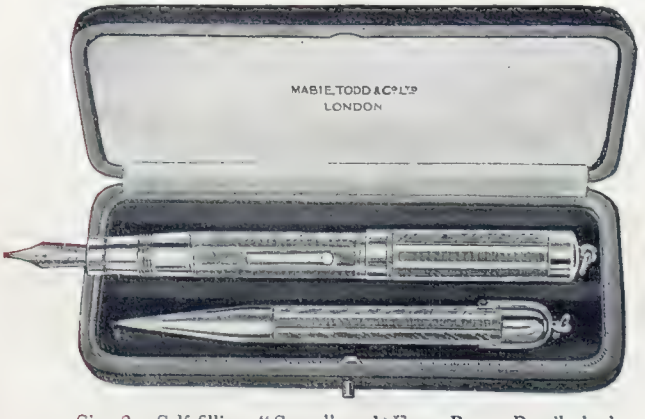

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The BYSTANDER
CHRISTMAS NO.

"CHEERIO, PA!"

BY BARRIBAL

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There is Life in every Loaf.

Best Bakers Bake it

HOVIS, LTD. MACCLESFIELD

The Ghosts Go West

By Basil Macdonald Hastings

Illustrations by BERT THOMAS

RAIN had spoilt the Christmas Eve shopping in the village of Sleevelove. Only those who were compelled by want had come in from the surrounding country, and they went home again surlily, carrying their wet parcels through the dark, wet lanes.

Bob Bishop had a sick wife and was carrying home groceries which in the ordinary way she would have purchased. He was also carrying inside him a fair quantity of Kentish ale, and this was remembered about him when, in the course of the next few weeks, he told and re-told the following remarkable tale.

"I got to the pool that lies below where the Hall used to stand. It was raining something piercing, so I thought I'd cross the pool by the rustic bridge and cut through the park by the path I know and so save myself nigh on a mile. When I got in the middle of the bridge I think I see someone in front of me and I calls out. It had a cloak on, so you couldn't see if it was a man or a woman. I was for running away, but I got sort of stuck with my knees all wobbly. Then the figure put its head back and I got the idea it was a man. Next it put up its arms, stretchin' 'em up to the sky, just like parson does sometimes in church, and I swear I saw a face. It was an awful face. I fell down and dropped some of my things. Then I got up and ran. It was a ghost I see, or as near as I ever shall see one. What I'm telling you's without the word of a lie, because George Marden came with me Christmas morning and helps me pick up the sardines and cornflour I'd dropped where I see the ghost."

The Reverend George Cousten, rector of the parish of Sleevelove, talked of Bob Bishop's story to his wife on Christmas night.

"I don't want to talk about ghosts," begged Mrs. Cousten.

"But I'm not talking about ghosts, my dear. You and I know there are no such things. Surely you don't mind speculating as to whether Bob's vision was real or imaginary."

"He had had too much, as he often does, and it is a wonder to me that he didn't see two ghosts, not one."

Outside the window of the Coustens' snug dining-room, unknown to them, and mercifully unseen by any human being on that dark Christmas night, stood two ghosts.

One leant on the sill of the window and appeared to be listening to the talk inside. The other stood erect, his face turned upwards to the rain. The first ghost would appear to be covering the plants under the window, and the second seemed to shield a bush from the weather, but the rain beat just as heavily against these plants and against this bush as it did upon the tree-tops or any unoccupied part of the garden.

. . . .

Sir Godfery Dampier had arrived as usual at Sleevelove Park on Christmas Eve. He had been doing this since 1451, the year of his death. He had passed as usual through the wood, entered the Dark Walk and emerged on the edge of the park. From here it was his custom to descend a great sloping lawn, ascend some steps, raise his hands to heaven as it were in protest, walk in stately fashion along the terrace, and finally pass through an old disused oaken doorway into the Hall. Once inside the Hall he had to enter what was known as the Beaufort corridor, patrol it and disappear finally into a small closet, where, according to legend, Sir John Fastolfe had once hidden from an irate husband.

On this particular Christmas Eve Sir Godfery got no farther than the edge of the park. Here, for the first time after four hundred years of haunting, he appeared nonplussed. His business was to descend the lawn and eventually enter the Hall.

There was no longer a Sleevelove Hall. No matter what the reason, the ancient building had disappeared. True, haunting it had been a pretty dull affair for the last fifty years, as no one had been in residence during that period, but Sir Godfery was shocked and pained. After all, you cannot go on spending hundreds of Christmas Eves in the same house and discover it to have been wiped out of existence without a certain sense of loss.

Was it possible that the old Hall had been moved but a short distance? Sir Godfery began an investigation. He knew that he might be seen by living persons, and, as ghosts are permitted to frighten only those who dwell upon the scene of their former misdeeds, he clung for the most part to hedges and dodged behind trees if he saw anyone coming. Bob Bishop had trapped him badly. He knew there was no thoroughfare across the rustic bridge that spanned the pool, and thought he was safe in crossing it, especially on such a wet night. When Bob loomed up in the mist Sir Godfery had hurried back. Then he recalled that ghosts must not show speed, and he stopped and made his gesture of the hands raised to heaven in protest. At that moment Bob had seen his face, dropped his parcels and fled.

The rain fell through the poor baffled ghost, but he did not feel it. Presently, however, a wind came up and he was blown into the wood. Here he clung to a tree till the tempest should pass.

"To-night," said Sir Godfery to him-

(All rights strictly reserved)

self, " is Christmas Eve. I cannot do my usual haunting, but I imagine it my duty to remain in the neighbourhood for the usual period. Then there is the suggestive fact that to-morrow night will be Christmas night. A house of this antiquity must have a Christmas night ghost. Suppose I wait for him. Between us we may form a plan. At any rate we can both go back to eternity with the same story."

Pearl-grey light appeared above the wood some hours later, and Sir Godfery Dampier became invisible, as are all ghosts save in the dark-time.

* * * *

Christmas night was again wet and very windy, and Sir Godfery was hard put to it to keep his place in the wood. Moreover, he had to cling to a tree right on the edge of the plantation so as to command a full view of the former site of Sleevelove Hall.

At about 10 o'clock the wind and rain died down, and Sir Godfery was able to stroll about. It was the first time he had ever been away from home on Christmas night, and he wondered what they were thinking of his absence from eternity. There was as yet no sign of another ghost, but a bright moon had lit up the scene, and any visiting spirit would not be readily discernible.

It is a fact that Sir Godfery and another ghost collided and nearly passed through each other before they became acquainted.

" Hello," cried Sir Godfery cheerily, " Who are you? "

" I was just going to ask you the same question."

" Oh, I'm Sir Godfery Dampier. Died 1451. My job's a Christmas Eve job, but I'm here still for an obvious reason."

" Well, I'm Sir Francis Dampier. I committed suicide in 1581. You must be my great-grandfather."

" Not a doubt of it. How are you? "

" Oh, much as usual. You all right? "

" Capital, thanks. What on earth has happened to the Hall? "

They both gazed round upon the moonlit scene.

" Our haunting days must be over," observed Sir Francis.

" Was your haunt particularly irksome? "

" In 1581, Sir Godfery, I hanged myself from the minstrel gallery in the great refectory. Between you and me, I had been foolish enough to conduct a traitorous correspondence with Philip of Spain, and it got to the Queen's ears."

" What queen? "

" Name of Elizabeth. She gave me the alternative of suicide or the Tower, and on Christmas night, after I had sent my wife and children to bed, I put my neck in a noose. I've had to do that every Christmas night since, and, although it doesn't hurt now, I go through exactly the same mental agony. What sort of a haunt is yours? "

" I did not kill myself. I was killed. I lent money to Cardinal Beaufort for Henry's wars, and when I asked for something back, or at any rate a little interest, I was sent a box of poisoned wine which, drunk upon the Christmas Eve of 1451, killed me and eleven guests at a sitting. I died unshriven, and have been forced to haunt my old home every Christmas Eve since. It is not a difficult task, but an unhappy one."

The moon disappeared and now the two ghosts were clearly visible to each other. Sir Godfery was tall and gaunt and heavily cloaked. Sir Francis was of middle height, somewhat stout and bloated, but he had a good leg and wore his ruffle, doublet and hose as if they had grown upon him.

The wind stirred and the ghosts swayed away together.

" I see no reason now," observed Sir Godfery, " why we should not go home. Your story will corroborate mine. We can scarcely be punished before a commission of enquiry has been sent."

" We shall be told that we ourselves constituted a commission of enquiry. If the Hall has been destroyed we must be able to prove it."

" What on earth can we do? "

" Well, a place as ancient and historic and as beautiful as Sleevelove cannot be destroyed without some record being made of the fact. There are now, although you may not know it, sheets published bearing printed news."

"Ah, yes. Caxton."

" Well, after his manner. We shall be told, I fear, that it was our duty to seek out the place where these sheets of print are stored and search them."

" That means going to London. Always so crowded and noisy."

" It is even worse now than it was in 1451. But surely someone must keep a file of these news-sheets in Sleevelove."

" The priest? "

" Quite so; though the clerks in holy orders are not the only ones who can read in these days. Here is the church. His house probably adjoins."

" Let us go and search it."

" With pleasure. But we must wait till all are at rest. We should only make ourselves ridiculous if we were seen on modern premises."

* * * *

" The only part of Bishop's story that puzzles me," observed Mr. Cousten, " is about the gesture the figure is supposed to have made."

" Yes, he put up his hands just as you do in church. I suppose you were not out last night, George, rehearsing your Christmas sermon? "

" You know quite well that I walked home with you immediately after evening service. About that gesture. It was, if it existed, a gesture of appeal or despair. Yes, a

' At that moment Bob had seen his face "

"Don't be a fool, Perry! I'm not drunk. It was a ghost"

man might throw up his hands in despair. Assuming that the figure was not a ghost . . ."

"We know that there are no ghosts."

"Knowing that the figure was not a ghost, we are justified in guessing that the figure was that of a visitor, a stranger, shall I say, suddenly come upon the desolate scene where the Hall once stood."

"On Christmas Eve, at night, in the rain?"

"My dear, it is remotely possible. Supposing some member of the old family had only just heard of the horrible vandalism, and had hastened, in spite of the hour and the weather, to confirm the story with his own eyes."

"Very ingenious, George. Finding the Hall really gone, you think he would throw up his hands in despair."

"If he were an irreligious man he might be calling upon the Almighty to curse America and everybody who comes out to it."

"I don't see that America is to blame. We have hundreds of these fine old houses, and lots of them are unoccupied, just as was Sleevelove Hall. Along comes a rich American, and one can understand his surprise and disgust that we should so neglect such a beautiful property."

"I don't object to his buying or renting the house. It's the moving of it that annoys me."

"It is no sin to prefer your own country to others. Mr. and Mrs. Seamower offered a huge sum on condition that he might take the entire building to Ohio."

At this moment the wind got up suddenly. The two listening spectres were taken unawares, and were instantly blown out of the garden. When they touched ground again they were close to the coast. They entered a cavern and proceeded to talk over what they had heard.

"The Hall has gone to America," said Sir Francis.

"What is that?" asked Sir Godfery.

"America is a country out beyond the waters in the West. It was discovered in 1492."

"I have never met any of their dead."

"You know that when you are dead you meet only people of your own period. There were no Americans before 1492."

"It seems to me," observed Sir Godfery, "that I cannot be expected to haunt a house in a country which didn't exist in my time. But you, my dear great-grandson, are differently situated. It may be your duty to follow Sleevelove Hall to this America."

"A trifle specious, my dear great-grandfather. We are both condemned to haunt this house, and, as long as it is hauntable, its location, as the Americans say, makes no difference."

"You really think that I shall have to go to this America. I, at my age?"

"That won't do. There's only one hundred and thirty years between us. What's that in eternity?"

"But my dear Sir Francis, I'm a man of settled habits. I don't know the way to this America."

"Trust yourself to me. I will take you to America."

"To Ohio?"

"Undoubtedly."

"To Mr. and Mrs. Seamower?"

"To whom else?"

"Ohio! Seamower! The punishment is too great. Think, my dear great-grandson, Christmas Eve, when I do my haunting, is over, and you cannot reach this America now in time to hang yourself on Christmas night. Should we not return to eternity and perhaps make our way to this America for next year's hauntings?"

"It will not do. The rules of the Haunt Service are very definite on this point. If you are prevented from performing your haunt on the fixed date, you must perform it at the earliest possible opportunity."

* * * * *

Sleevelove Hall had been re-erected in a suburb of Cincinnati, and the ghosts on the morning of their arrival learnt from the conversation of Mr. and Mrs. Peregrine P. Seamower that it was intended to give it a house-warming that night on the occasion of the twenty-

(Continued on page 24)

Gordon Chase, Ltd., Bromley

"THE LITTLE PIERROT"

A new recruit to the mystic realms of Harlequin and Columbine. He made his first bow at the "All British" Exhibition of Professional Photographers held last September

"TO LOVE . . . IT'S EVERYTHING" *Ian Wolfe*

This Pierrot, who "sighed for the love of a lady," knows the bitterness of unrequited love. He was to be seen at this year's Exhibition of the London Salon of Photography

first birthday of their daughter Cornelia. There was to be a grand fancy dress party, and all the guests had been asked to dress up "historic."

Winter though it was, a good deal of Cornelia Seamower's birthday party took place out of doors. The night was dry and windless and the dancers frequently left the big refectory of Sleevelove Hall and patrolled the terrace. Mr. Seamower had not anticipated this, and the outside of the house was not illuminated. This was why, according to the heroes and heroines of many a petting party, so much of the party was held in the open air.

Inside, the old Hall was ablaze with light. Mr. Peregrine Seamower, one of whose peculiarities was a genuine dread of the dark, had made the decorators put electric bulbs everywhere.

The fun in the big refectory was at its height—that is to say, the dancers were bursting each other's air balloons in the most abandoned fashion—when a short fat man, dressed as a Georgian buck, ran into the refectory from the buttery, which opened on to the garden, cried out something unintelligible, and fainted in almost the centre of the dance-floor.

Most of the dancers stopped and crowded round the fallen figure. The jazz orchestra in the minstrel gallery, however, played madly on.

"Sir Francis Dampier looked down into the great refectory of his home"

Someone picked up the head of the fallen man.

"Gee! it's Solly Mozleyheim."

"He's been lighting up in Perry's cellar."

"Solly never could carry his load."

"Hi, Perry. Come and look at Solly. Your bootlegger's killed him."

Mr. Seamower, garbed as Henry the Eighth, without beard but with horn rims, pushed through the crowd and came and stood over little Solly Mozleyheim. The fallen man had returned to consciousness and sat blinking up at his host.

"Solly," reprimanded Mr. Seamower, "didn't I lay down that no one was to get drunk at this party till the second day? This is an insult to my daughter."

"Don't be a fool, Perry! I'm not drunk. It was a ghost. Yes, a ghost! I've seen it. A real honest-to-goodness spectre!"

"Well, ghost is a new one on me. You might have said lobster if you'd had one. Get up or let the boys and girls stamp over you."

"The others saw it. Corny fainted. Where's Corny?"

"My daughter!" Mr. Seamower glared round. "Where is she?"

Mr. Seamower was answered from the buttery door, through which a dozen people poured. All looked very white and ill-suited by their dashing historical costumes. Two of the men were carrying a Puritan maid, whom they deposited on a couch. Mr. Seamower rushed to her side.

"Corny! Corny! What's come to you? Get Mrs. Seamower, some of you, quick."

"She'll be all right in a minute, Mr. Seamower," explained a young doctor who had been one of those who carried the girl in. "Just a faint. And no wonder she did faint. I felt pretty like it myself."

"Doc, what's happened? Where've you been?"

"We were all on the terrace, smoking between dances."

"I took Corny out," explained a big, red-headed fellow. "She said she was hot."

"I get that. Certainly I get that. But don't tell me she's seen what Solly Mozleyheim says he's seen."

"She did see it. We all saw it."

"For the love of Mike, Doc, what?"

"A figure. A ghostly figure."

"A proper honest-to-goodness spectre," added Solly, who had fortified himself with brandy.

Mrs. Seamower now hurried from another room to her daughter's side, and almost at once Corny opened her eyes and shivered into her mother's arms.

"What d'ye make of this, Sarah? They all say they've seen a ghost."

"Sure, Mrs. Seamower, and it's not gone yet. It's in the house now."

There were screams from those women who had not left the refectory.

"Oh, for heaven's sake, someone stop that damned band . . . Paul!" Mr. Seamower shouted and the large, fat conductor turned round and put a hand to an ear. "Shut off! There's a panic."

The music stopped and the musicians gratefully lit cigarettes.

Mrs. Seamower, garbed as Mary Queen of Scots, stroked her daughter's hair. "Tell me, dear, tell me just what you saw."

"Oh, mother, it was a ghost! A ghost in a cloak. All misty but real—real as a movie."

"Where was it?"

"On the terrace. It came straight towards us."

"Did it speak?"

"No, mother. It kept mum as death. But it put up its hands, high up, and you could see its awful face."

"And what then?"

"Then I guess I went off."

"This is what happened then," explained the doctor. "The girls were fainting all round, and Solly was the only one of the boys to run."

"I ran to get help," explained Solly. "The ghost—and I swear you couldn't call it anything else—walked to a doorway in the wall. The door was not opened, but the ghost went through it. It must be in the Hall now."

"Why, that door leads into the corridor they call the Beaufort corridor," said Mr. Seamower.

All the party now moved to the Beaufort corridor. It was brilliantly lit and empty.

"Are you afraid to turn out the lights in this corridor," asked the Doctor.

"Doc, what's the idea?"

"The ghost hasn't gone. You may think I'm mad, but I feel it is still about, still completing its haunt. Let me turn out the lights. Just for a moment, a moment."

Someone did as the doctor asked, and Mr. Seamower became very angry.

"Put that light on, durn you! Who's the boss of this joint, I'd like to know? Put that light on."

No one obeyed, for all were incapable of movement. At the end of the corridor there appeared a mistiness which took the shape of a cloaked man. It floated towards the terrified guests, and they saw that the face was infinitely unhappy.

When the ethereal figure reached the old oaken doorway, which Mr. Seamower knew was fixed so that it could not be opened, it passed out of sight, seemingly through the door. Mrs. Seamower fell heavily to the ground.

* * * * *

There was no more dancing at the Seamower party. Some of the guests went at once, but many stayed to talk, to wonder, and to keep the terrified Seamowers company. Mr. Seamower had already telephoned for rooms in the most modern hotel in Cincinnati. He had lost his passion for the historic.

The last of the company, numbering about fifty in all, sat round the big log fire on the great hearth of the refectory. The band had gone, the electric lights were all still blazing, and the fire was low. The time would be about five minutes to midnight. All were anxiously waiting to hear that sufficient automobiles had arrived to take them to the city.

"I wonder how often the spook does this haunt?"

"Once a year's the usual, Doc."

"You can't bet on that. It may be in the Hall still."

All turned on the doctor and scowled at him. He seemed to have some sort of sympathy with this beastly spoil-sport of a spook.

"I suppose you want the lights turned out again?"

"I shouldn't mind. I'm sure the poor thing is harmless. I'd like to try to speak to it."

"Cut out that Hamlet stuff," growled Mr. Seamower. "We're Americans and we don't want to be led up the garden by anything British. Let it go home if it wants to be talked to."

A servant now announced that enough cars had arrived to take all into the city.

"I'd like to stay behind for a few moments," said the doctor, "just to look round this great room when it is dark."

"You'll go before I do, Doc. I reckon you think you recognise one of your old patients."

There was a slight ripple of laughter and then, suddenly, all the lights in the refectory went out. There was no light save the dull glow from the dying wood fire.

"Who the devil did that?" almost screamed Mr. Seamower. He jumped up and ran towards the door, behind which was the switchboard. He had just reached the door and opened it, when he was forced to look back into the refectory by a sharp cry from the doctor.

"Look . . . look! In the gallery. . . . It has come again."

This time no one fainted. All stood very still and became very cold.

In the dark minstrel gallery was a misty figure which by slow degrees became very clear and definite. It was the spectral figure of a man of middle height, somewhat stout and bloated, and wearing Elizabethan ruffle, doublet and hose. Not only a ghost, but a fresh kind of ghost!

Sir Francis Dampier looked down into the great refectory of his home. He stretched out his arms, as if in love, towards the earthly objects he was about to leave. He removed his ruffle. Those amongst the watchers who wore Elizabethan ruffles felt a horrible strangulation.

Next the ghostly figure was seen handling a rope. He made a noose with one end and fastened the other to the gallery rail. He knelt with the noose round his neck, and bent his head in prayer.

Now he rose and climbed on the railing. A moment's hesitation, and he leapt, leapt into the air. He did not fall to the ground. He dangled, writhing as he dangled. Then his ghostly body became limp, and he swayed slowly and more slowly like the pendulum of a clock that is running down.

No light came into the great refectory. The stricken watchers had their fill of the ghastly sight. Nearer and nearer they got to madness. But, when the least strong might have cracked, the spectral hanging began to fade from view. Empty blackness returned, and men and women were able to clutch each other and stagger to the door, where Mr. Seamower with purple face was laughing and gibbering.

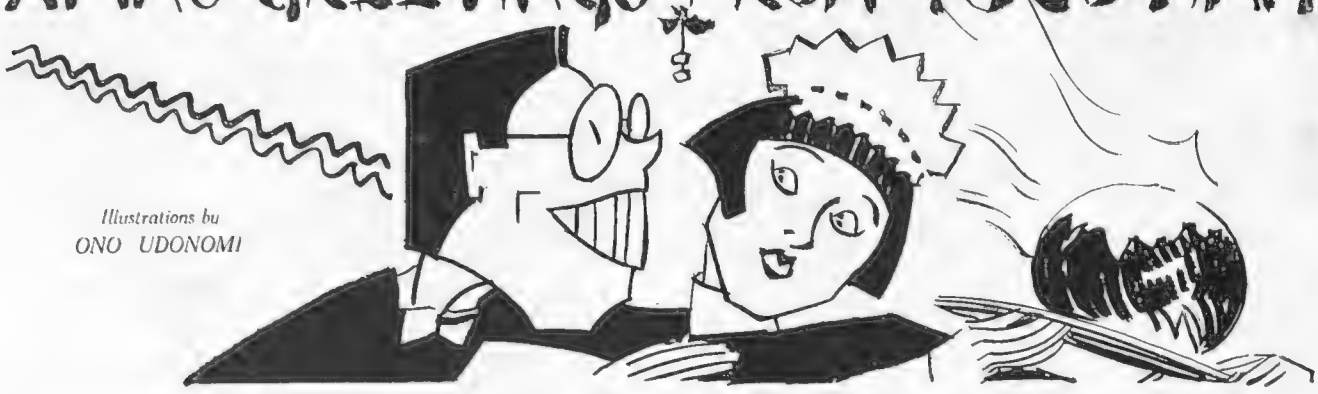
* * * * *

Sleevelove Hall is now back in Kent. Some English psychical research enthusiasts, thrilled by what they read in the American newspapers, bought the old place for a song and had it brought home. They still hope to see spirits, but the truth is that the house is no longer haunted. Sir Francis, on his return to eternity, was relieved of his painful annual task in recognition of his devotion to duty in following the house out of history into America, and Sir Godfery was held to have earned retirement in virtue of his act of self-sacrifice in using the ethereal fire which composed his spectral right hand for the purpose of fusing Mr. Seamower's electric light.

B. M. H.

"Sleevelove Hall is no longer haunted"

XMAS GREETINGS FROM YOGO HAMA



Illustrations by
ONO UDONOMI

MOST DEAR HON. SIR,

INNUMEROUS cwts. of water have impelled themselves under bridges and other transpontine arches since I unfurled my pen to produce my so celebrated depictions for Hon. BYSTANDER. But now we are 1-ce more confront with Xtmas festives and such seasonable afflictions, I feel I should be frightfully non-human and gratitudeless if I did not decant you some cheerish words to make more lighter the heats and burdens of this so icy and warmthless *saison*. (French.)

"I impine for a good old Anglo-British nose-cold"

Here, in my Arabian *chalet*, incirculated by dates, sand, palms, heat-waves and other tropical vegetables, I impine wistishly for a good old Anglo-British nose-cold like as so many of my Hon. readers are no doubtlessly making to enjoy. O, I bemoan, how sweetish it should be to hear the fragrant notes of carol-ejaculing persons like as nightingales or suchly musical fowls on or about 1 a.m. How delightish it should be, I disgruntle, to 1-ce more enjoy to feel the impact of a snow projectile on 1's nose or other defenceless *contour* from the hands of youthish British juvenines, or to forceishly impinge 1's tender anatomy upon a slide specially prepared by saidly juvenines for good sportings.

But even more awful deprivements than the abovely pleasures, are to not witness the foot-bladder combats with their so joyish scrums, tackles, heckles, cap-tricks and other feats of endurance, or to gleeishly watch the casualties removed by authorised persons for repairs if non-defunct. Alasly, it are not all beer and 9-pins to live in Arabia for good healths and to be entirely non-able to enjoy those sportings which cause our blood to "perform thrills like the hungry porcupine."

The most ravishingish Xtmas blessing of all, which I cannot help to think has greatly caused Hon. British Empire to grow red all over the map, are the mistlestoe kissings which are now in season. This are non-doubtfully an extremely top-hole sporting and 2-nd to not any other in this earthly hemisphere. To successfully secure a luscious femn, to propel same under the mistlestoe and then to bandy her 1 or more dzs of prime kisses, are a 100 times more delicious than a 7-th heaven or other expensive cocktail.

O to be in Grt. Britain now that Xtmas are here, I ejacule weepishly. To observe 1,000's of hon. parentals preambling the emporiums with adhesive infantines to make purchase giftings for same; to listen to haunts, ghosts, goblins and other Xtmas *fauna* that makes 1's hairs jump to the head and to turn pale 1's face with delicious horrors; to eat lbs. and lbs. of turks, geese, sirloins and other seasonable birds, to not mention cwts of Xtmas duffs, pies and suchly luscious *morceaux*.

Kindly to permit I should wish and prognose to all Hon. BYSTANDERS, masc and femn, ancient and modern, a happy Xtmas, enormous tons of good cheers with epochal eating appetites for same, and innumerous joyish returns of 1926.

YOGO HAMA.

"To listen to haunts, ghosts, goblins and other Xtmas *fauna*"

The Finishing Touch

BY RICK ELMES

ENTHUSIASTIC GUEST: "He certainly gets the best out of the piano!"
HOST: "He does. It's practically useless when he's finished with it!"

BYSTANDERS ALL TOAST

Some of the charming damsels who have graced the covers of recent special issues of *The Bystander* being entertained at such numbers as the Riviera, Winter Sports, Hunting, Golfing and so on, but we give due warning that no prize is offered in

BY HOWARD K. ELCOCK

A JOLLY GOOD FELLOW

reunion dinner by this year's *Christmas Number*. Readers may find amusement in trying to identify the representatives of this respect! However, it is interesting to note how numerous are the subjects to which special issues are devoted during the year

The Adventure of the Bearded Stranger

by A. A. Thomson

'I am never mistaken'

Illustrations by DAVID WILSON

"HA, my dear Watson," said the hawk-nosed man in the deer-stalker cap, "you have arrived at a most opportune moment."

"Pardon me," I replied coldly, "but my name is not Watson. Watson, I have always understood, was an ass I just happened to be walking along Baker Street when ——"

"I am never mistaken;" said the hawk-nosed man. "I have no time to prove to you by deductive logic that you are Watson. Perhaps you think you are not Eradicate that impression from your mind. It is an illusion. You have come upon the scene at a time when my gigantic intellect is concentrated upon the mystery of the Bearded Stranger, whose disappearance has caused ——"

"What was your stranger like?" I asked, thinking to humour the lunatic.

"He had a full beard and a twinkling eye."

"Perhaps you mean Bernard Shaw," I ventured.

"Nonsense," snapped the detective. "The man I am referring to was one of the most popular figures in England. His name, I might say, was a household word. There was something fine, something kindly, something essentially English about him."

"Now, if you'd said a pipe instead of a beard ——"

"No," barked the detective, "I do not mean Stanley Baldwin. The missing man—but, stay, you shall find him for yourself. Listen, Watson, I am going to give you

THE CLUE OF THE ROSY-CHEEKED CHEMIST.

Take the first turning to the right past the pillar-box and go on till you find a shop with a large coloured bottle in the window. I am now due at the Psychic Bookshop. Good-bye, Watson."

And he vanished in a cloud of tobacco smoke. Past the pillar-box in the gathering winter twilight I came upon the little shop which, though I knew the purlieus of Baker Street well, I had never noticed before. I lifted the latch of the door to find myself facing an old oaken counter covered with bottles of all shapes and sizes. Behind the counter was a short little man—indeed, his face was only just visible—with white hair, rosy cheeks, and a fatherly smile.

"Good evening," I said politely. "I want ——."

"Let me recommend," said the little man, "a bottle of this."

He held up a large bottle, and though the shop was not brilliantly lighted the liquid in the bottle shone like crystal, touched by a golden sun. "This," said the little man, "is

GOOD WILL MIXTURE."

And immediately in a rather quavering but not untuneful voice he began to sing:—

The world needs a tonic;
His suffering is chronic.
Oh, what a bundle of ailments he's got;
Aches and contusions,
Fevered delusions,
Bad circulation and head very hot.

Hate and hysteria
Are the bacteria
We must root out ere our patient grows well;
Germs of suspicion
Baulk the physician;
Yet——his old heart is as sound as a bell.

Try just one swallow;
Plenty to follow,
When you have tasted you'll drink to your fill.
This is the right of it,
Don't make a fight of it,
Evil will fly in despair at the sight of it;
Drink and keep drinking!
Drink, make a night of it!
Drink, for the name on the bottle's
GOODWILL!

He began to sing

"How much a bottle?" I asked, smiling.

"That's the beauty of it," chuckled the little man. "It's free!"

"I wish everyone knew that," I said.

"But they don't," sighed the little man, "more's the pity. Is there anything else I can show you?"

"What," I asked, "is in that little box on the corner of the counter?"

He chuckled again. "That," he said, "is a box of comfits, or, as I prefer to call them, Comforts. They are

THE HAPPIEST MOMENTS

of your life. Try a happy moment, sir."

"I'm afraid I don't understand," I hesitated.

"Happiness," said the magic chemist, "is made up of moments. Here is one. Taste it. What do you see? You are back in the nursery. A soft voice is telling you your first fairy-tale Take another. Green turf and flannelled figures. You have just got your colours. A terrifying fast bowler . . . The bat in your hand trembles. Here it comes, short-pitched on the off. Foot across, clack! To the ropes past cover, on the carpet all the way 'Played, young'un!" says your skipper at the other end. Wonderful, isn't it? Your first day with the guns . . . Walks along the English lanes with the scent of meadow-sweet in the air and a jolly terrier at your heels . . . Skating on the lake with the tang of the wind whipping your cheek . . . And happiest moment of all, the winter fireside, crackling logs on the open hearth, the glint of the firelight on old pewter, old friends, happy faces . . . Christmas."

"By Jove!" I exclaimed. "Of course, that's the mysterious stranger! That's the fellow I've been looking for!"

"These happy moments," the little chemist went on, ignoring my interruption, "are not, you will notice, connected with wealth or fame. They are simple and kindly things that all can share. And as for Christmas ——" Suddenly the door at the back of the shop opened and the Bearded Stranger strode in, red cloak, jolly beard, laughing eyes and all. "Ho, ho!" he trolled. "Christmas, I should think so. Missing, am I? Listen."

And in a voice that set the rafters ring ing he began to sing:—

THE OLD DAYS WERE GOOD DAYS.

The old days were good days
Of laughter and of song;
Of tenant plump and jolly squire,
Of crackling log on open fire,
Blazing all day long;
Maypole on the village green,
Flowers in winding lane;
Merry maids that milked the kine,
Lads that fought in scarlet fine;
Old days, bold days, will they come again?

"Try a happy moment"

The old days were good days,
Drinking was no sin;
For mine host would never fail
Of baron-beef and nut-brown ale
At a pleasant inn.
Hark! the coach goes jingling by . . .
Must old glories wane?
No, the spirit still is here
Comes the season of good cheer——
Old days, bold days, they will come again . . .

"In fact," he added confidentially, "there is a volume that tells you all about them . . . 'The Bystander Christmas Number.' Try it on your friends . . ."

And so, my friends, I am trying it on you . . . A. A. T.

AT this season of the year it is sad to see so many beggars about. We are sure all charitable people will be "touched."

. . . . . .

"WHAT do you think of that car, dear?"

"Well, I don't think its bonnet is on straight."

. . . . . .

WE are always delighted to hear musicians and their carols, but we *should* like to have the brass banned.

Perseus

By D. KERMODE PARR

Illustrated by LEO CHENEY

"It is most unfortunate, Your Majesty," said the Chief Soothsayer, "most unfortunate. But the oracles all give the same answer. The only way to rid your land of the dragon is to sacrifice one of your daughters to him. After all, it was hardly to be expected that any other process would be effective. But it is, as I said, a most unfortunate affair." The Chief Soothsayer sighed sympathetically at the end of his speech and tried to look a little less conspicuous. He found that it was very difficult to melt into the background successfully, as he was wearing his official robes. They were black, with large yellow stars all over them, and a sort of breastplate which looked like the five of diamonds.

King Zalkut XII seemed to think the affair was annoying rather than unfortunate. This kind of thing always made him angry. It was not that he minded losing a daughter; he had plenty of them to spare and considerable worry in disposing of them, anyway. But he did like people to act according to rule and precedent. Now this dragon was distinctly *not* behaving according to precedent. He had been given a daughter only last September and here he was again with the March winds, although it was perfectly well known that whenever the king's ancestors had given daughters to stop *their* dragons ravaging the kingdom one had always been a complete cure. It was a new and unpleasant innovation on the part of this dragon to come back, and naturally the king was seriously annoyed about it.

Canzo, the Fourth Assistant Soothsayer, had insisted to the Under-Keeper of the Royal Wardrobe that the whole idea of giving up a daughter was bunkum. He said that dragons hibernated from September to March anyway, and that in the other authenticated instances of daughter-giving in the past history of the nation the theory had never been tested, because always a stranger had arrived in time to rescue the princess and slay the dragon. Canzo thought strangers were perhaps the real antidote for dragons. But the conversation had been reported to the Chief Soothsayer, who had advised Canzo to stick to soothsaying and leave natural history alone, if he wanted promotion in due course.

So the king never heard of Canzo's theories, and after satisfying his anger with an order to the High Treasurer to reduce the salary scale for Chief Soothsayers by 20 per cent., he proceeded to satisfy his sense of precedent and order by instructing the Lord Chamberlain to arrange a procession of the first class and a full ceremony of daughter-sacrifice for the next morning, following as far as possible the procedure of his ancestor Zalkut I.

* * * * *

The procession on the following day was undoubtedly a great success. The king remarked, as soon as he reached his throne on the observation mound, that he had never seen anything more satisfying in length and order, or more tasteful in colour-schemes. In fact, he doubted if it could have been improved upon anywhere in Africa. But this was always a safe statement to make about anything in his court, because since the landslide in the Lone Pass, five hundred years before, no one had been able to cross the complete ring of mountains which surrounded his kingdom. So no one could produce impressions to make a comparison. In fact, it was really only a matter of tradition that there was anything at all outside the Circle Mountains.

At about eleven in the morning the procession had reached the traditional spot for sacrificing to dragons and everything was in readiness. The princess, wearing a simple dress of white silk, was

The Princess was chained to a post

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"SHOW ME THE WAY TO GO HOME"

BY BLAM

chained to a post by a long gold chain. There was really no need to waste elaborate fabrics for a frock which the dragon would tear up, anyway. On the other hand, he would leave the chain and the Salvage Corps could get it later on; meanwhile, it added an air of richness to the proceedings.

The king and his court occupied stands on a low hillock about two hundred yards away. Between them and the sacrifice-post there was a sort of wadi. It looked just like an unobtrusive ditch between two insignificant low hedges. But, as a matter of fact, the gully was just five yards wider than the longest recorded dragon-leap and of considerable depth. It was often used as a training ground for the king's engineers. They used to practice making wadi sides unclimbable there.

The assembly waited about three-quarters of an hour before anything happened. The band played some charming selections, but secretly the king was rather bored by instrumental music. He liked to have one of his younger wives sing to him in the harem at night, but he had never really understood the principles of orchestration, and he could never hear the tone-difference between the ram's horn and the ox-bone trumpet. So he was getting a little vexed at the dragon's delay, and besides, he hated picnic lunches in public.

Then quite a lot of things happened all at once. First the dragon appeared from a cave about half a mile away. Then the Third Assistant Soothsayer, whose special department was ornithological omens, reported excitedly that there was a new bird flying over the Kralkis Mountains and coming southwards towards them. The dragon was in no hurry, but the bird apparently was; for by the time the dragon, who resembled a dinosaur with a touch of the crocodile about him, had advanced sauntering about six hundred yards, the bird had covered the twenty-five miles from the mountain top and was circling directly over the post of sacrifice. By this time, the soothsayers, after ten minutes frenzied argument, had decided that it was not a bird at all, but an enchanted kite, and that it was therefore the Second Assistant Soothsayer's duty to deal with it. But the Thing's behaviour became more and more unusual. It turned, swooped down towards the dragon and suddenly spat thunder and lightning at that dilatory monster. At the end of twenty-five seconds, during which the Second Assistant Soothsayer estimated that it emitted two or three hundred flashes, the dragon was just a heap of crumpled lizard-meat, and of no further account in the proceedings. The soothsayers reached a fresh conclusion, that the Thing was neither bird nor kite, but a flying dragon itself, of the fire-breathing variety. But it continued to behave in the most unusual manner. It rose higher in the air again, turned round several times and finally swooped down a second time, to alight on the ground and come to a halt about ten yards from the princess. Thereupon a man climbed out of the middle of its body. The soothsayers reverted to the idea that it was an

The Soothsayers decided it was not a bird at all

enchanted kite, but of a passenger-carrying model. The king had no doubt that it was the traditional stranger, though his mode of arrival was distinctly novel. Still, if strangers habitually carried enchanted swords and shields, there was no reason that the king knew of why this particular stranger should not be carried by an enchanted kite. So he ordered the Lord Chancellor to take half the cavalry escort and set off on the three-mile ride round the head of the wadi to conduct the foreign warrior to him. Affairs were now proceeding approximately according to precedent, and he felt that life was easy to deal with.

But the Thing continued to do the most entirely unexpected tricks. The stranger had released the princess in a remarkably short space of time. (It was discovered afterwards that he had cut through the chain, doubtless with an enchanted sword; within an inch of the post, too, which showed a nice sense of values, the goldsmith thought.) Then, instead of waiting to be introduced to the court, he proceeded to lift the princess into the body of the kite, if it was a kite, following her himself, and in less than a minute the Thing had risen high in the air and was flying off as rapidly as it had come. In a quarter of an hour it disappeared as a speck over the mountain horizon in the south.

"I always knew it might turn out handy to have a machine-gun on the old bus," said Captain Smith to himself, as he found his bearings again and headed once more for Zanzibar. "You never know what may crop up in the middle of Africa. But its lucky I could cut that chain so easily with the wire-cutters. Must be pure gold, to be as soft as that. Filing might have taken too long and let me in for trouble in getting away with the girl; and I shall want her for evidence. With her to show, it'll make a great story for the *Daily Planet*. They'll get back the expenses of this Timbuctoo-to-Zanzibar flight on that alone. I can just see the headlines '20th Century Perseus, and so on.'" Captain Smith was a public-school man, so the details of the legend came quite easily to his mind. He half turned to look again at the princess sitting behind him. She seemed to be enjoying the new experience of flight. Also she was a fine figure of a woman. Captain Smith began to recollect more details of the Perseus story . . .

* * * *

Meanwhile, on the plain behind the Circle Mountains, miles away, a very angry king was driving back to the Palace. It was preposterous that the stranger should vanish like that and not even stay for a week of celebrations. Instead of coming to ask the king for the hand of his daughter, with perhaps a nominal princedom over half the kingdom, the fellow had just stolen the princess like a robber-baron, and with her about five yards of extremely valuable gold chain, which even the dragon would have left. It was not that the king minded losing a daughter; he had plenty of them to spare and considerable worry in disposing of them, anyway. But he did like people to act according to rule and precedent.

D. K. P.

Christmas-time is a time of Goodwill & Good Spirits —

Dewar's

Natural Beauty

is more to be desired than any of the achievements of cosmetics.

Wright's Coal Tar Soap brings out the real beauty of the skin, restores it to the natural health and glow of childhood—makes it clear and soft and appealing.

Wright's allows the skin to stay young: a young skin cheats the passage of time.

For natural beauty—use

WRIGHT'S
COAL TAR SOAP

6d. per tablet. BATH SIZE 10d. per tablet.

The Knees of the Goddesses

by J. M. Bulloch

THE tiny toes of Prue Precise,
Whom Strephon thought so pretty,
Peeped in and out like little mice
Beneath her spacious petty—
That was the way in Suckling's day
Ere skimpy skirts arrived (to stay?).

Had Prudish Prue but lived to view
Victoria all prevailing,
She would have seen, perhaps with rue,
How modish trains kept trailing,
Not clouds of Glory, for the mode
Swept up the litter on the road.

Whatever would prim Prudence think
Of heads and tails both shingled,
Of skirts that never cease to shrink.
Of waists too low surcingled?
She'd wonder when they'd ever stop,
And shudder at the Eton crop.

Had things like these made Prudence sad,
She would have been far sadder
To see the very skimpy clad
With stockings in a ladder.
Nor did she ever know the guile
Of artificial silk and lisle.

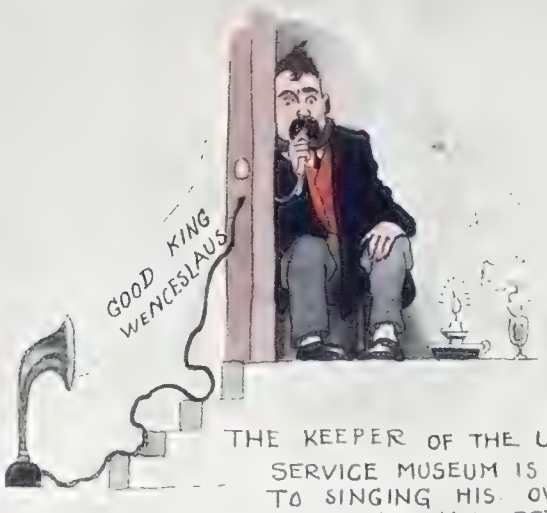
But now the time has changed its chime
And no one greatly fusses,
For Prudence never had to climb
To tramway tops or 'buses.
Girls follow Safety First decrees
Even if they have to show their knees.

SKETCHES BY A. D. PHOENIX

THAT LONELY

Our artist illustrates above in striking manner how our indomitable bulldog

THE CHAR-WOMAN OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, IN TRUE HOLIDAY SPIRIT, PLAYS A GAME OF PATIENCE ON THE FRONT OPPOSITION BENCH



THE KEEPER OF THE UNITED SERVICE MUSEUM IS REDUCED TO SINGING HIS OWN CAROLS WHEN ALL HAVE RETIRED TO SPEND CHRISTMAS IN THE BOSOMS OF THEIR OWN FAMILIES

THE MINDER OF THE TOWER BRIDGE AND HIS WIFE HAVE A CHEERFUL THOUGH QUIET TIME ON CHRISTMAS EVE

EVEN THE KEEPER OF THE MONUMENT DOES HIS BEST TO KEEP IT UP ON CHRISTMAS DAY

CHRISTMAS

BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

spirit can overcome even the misery of a solitary Christmas dinner

BUSINESS BEFORE PLEASURE

By E. P. LEIGH-BENNETT

Illustrations by MORSE

"WELL, mine's a gin and mixed, anyway, please. No more of those lewd martinis of yours."

Arthur Mason winked broadly at Perris, the butler.

"Positively immoral these, what do you call 'em? Warren Specials? Besides, we can't *start* Christmas like this. Where on earth shall we end?"

Their host was standing before the immense fire in the big lounge hall prising open a new box of cigarettes. A curiously interesting figure was Timothy, known as "Tim," Temperly, if you studied him from this point backwards through the years. Quite a young man still, rising forty. One of the few successful speculators who had never known a really heavy set-back. A wizard of finance. And latterly he had plunged firm hands into the American markets, and brought them out full. After the first big American wheat deal he had bought Frensham-Warren, on the high ground above the Romney Marshes, just as the lovely place stood, equipped down to the last spoon, from a brother speculator who had plunged—and remained under.

And here were some of the picked people of his inner circle of friends, and one or two he hardly knew but who had been brought down by the others.

"Of course," he had said to all such applicants, "we must fill the house; bring anyone you like."

Bill Weston, one of Tim's brokers, had asked if he might bring Mason: "Plays golf from three, ol' man. I don't know him well, but he is an amusing cove. He was in that party at the Embassy the other night, you remember."

Tim looked them over contemplatively as Perris moved about with salver the second. Yes, a gay lot—and beautiful. My word! How *chic* and handsome these women were. Kitty Annesley, talking to the Grenadier lad, Fiddon. Min McKie, hearing a funny story from the little produce broker, Swaine. Biddy Lane, who fell in and out of love with somebody, quite harmlessly, about four times a year. All these women were devilish good to look at—and not the Night Club type either—any of 'em, thank goodness.

And round came his watchful brown eyes, as they always did after the briefest of intervals, to that central figure; the only figure that mattered a button either way—business, money, Warren, anything. Toni! Tonita Ransford, who was going to marry him in a month or two. Twenty men had tried to marry her at various times. Why in the name of all that was wonderful she had laughed them away and suddenly chosen him was a mystery. She had been trampling on men's hearts with those provocative little feet ever since she was seventeen, apparently. And now, at twenty-seven, she had trampled on his—and had then, so to speak, picked it up and kissed it, a few weeks ago, in the library here during a week-end when he was working. She had sailed in after they had had a bit of a row about the flagrant behaviour of a woman staying there. She had come up behind his chair—had slid delicious bare arms along under his ears, kissed his head at the back, and had whispered:—

"Tim, I've come to tell you something, darling—I find I *do* love you after all. First time in my life—and the last. Will you marry me, Tim? I'm yours: you can do what you like with me: take me: here I am!"

And later, after those never-to-be-forgotten moments in the fading light of the November evening, she had begun what she called playfully his "education," propping his chin up with her little hands and looking right down the well of his eyes.

"But you must be modern, my sweet, and tolerant—especially about women. We have fearful temptations, darling one, some of us. You men are responsible, nine times out of ten. Just because *you* haven't 'gone off the rails' yourself, as you call it, unduly, you can't expect everyone to be like you, bless you! And that poor little woman has had a hell of a life . . ."

He supposed his code (she seemed to hate that word!) *was* a bit early Victorian—"pre-Gothic" she had said it was. Still, there must be a *limit* to what people can do nowadays, and so openly. He was not yet free, even at forty, from those Manchester childhood days and the rigidity of his parents' precepts as to other people's wives and husbands.

Toni was absorbed seemingly over a Mah Jong contest with old "Chaps," as all Warren guests called Tim's aunt, Mrs. Fielding. He insisted on a chaperone at these week-end parties, to everyone's intense amusement. Hence the hilarious nickname "Chaps." Agatha Fielding didn't care what anyone said or did or what they called her. She had never had such food in her sixty lean years, or such a bed, with its slippery lawn sheets, and her own copper-fitted, blue-tiled bathroom. Her life at Frensham was one long asthmatic chuckle, with lucid intervals of Clicquot '14, for which her thirst was never slaked.

"Well, as there are only four bathrooms in this villa, and one belongs to

' Chaps,' " Tim called out presently during a hubbub, " some of you brave women and fair men had better be getting on with it—dinner in this house waits for nobody after eight."

At this there was a scrambling uprising and a sortie towards the wide oak stairs, young Fiddon leading, carrying the weakly protesting Agatha Fielding in his arms and beseeching her with honeyed words: " Chaps, dear, bags I your bathroom. I hold all records for quick bathing—be maty . . ."

Toni remained. She leaned over the Mah Jong table, chin in hand, fingering the pieces thoughtfully. And Mason, who had been immersed in the pages of *The Financial Times*.

" Well, I'm for the cellars with Perris," said their host, pulling out his key chain. " It's evidently going to be a heavy night," and he disappeared through a leather-padded door to the kitchen quarters.

She had bowed rather stiffly to Mason when he was introduced on arrival. Now, still studying the Mah Jong pieces with her back turned to him, she said quietly:

" Arthur."

The newspaper crinkled slightly. The man behind it smiled sardonically, as if he was expecting this.

" Yes—h'm—Mrs. Temperly, that is to be: what can I do for you? " He did not observe the knuckles of her left hand gleam as they tightened round the table leg.

" What is the game, Arthur, this time? " Her voice was well under control.

" Game? " The newspaper still hid the expression in the merciless grey eyes. She could not see the cruel line of the mouth.

" W-ell, as I understand it, it's marriage to best part of a million—a quiet backwater, after a, shall we say, stormy passage? Very nice, too. I congratulate you: you always were a clever devil—lovely, too, in spite . . ."

"Don't move, my dear fellow"

She had risen swiftly and flicked the paper from his hands.

" That will do! " She stood over him, trembling slightly, and stared into his upturned face. Loathing was what he saw in her eyes: but fear also. So he merely smiled and crossed his legs placidly.

" The buttons are off the foils, Arthur—let me warn you of that right away. What have you come down here for—pleasure? "

" No, my dear, business. Business before pleasure with me always, as you know. As with your future husband. That you will also find out—when the novelty of you has worn off; however, that's your affair." He clasped his hands comfortably behind his head and looked her over possessively. She seemed to him a very pleasant sight, for he grinned that animal grin that some men bestow automatically upon all comely women. And Toni was more than comely, standing there against the firelight in a sheath of silk frock, the darting flames throwing little spears of shadows up and down her—she was beautiful: the fierce anger in her face accentuated that volcanic personality which all men and most women found irresistible.

" What business? "

" My own—and yours."

" I have no dealings with you, Arthur. I never have had: you know that. I hate the very sight of you. I always have. You know that, too."

" Y-es," went on this imperturbable person, " it's a pity about that. I've often thought—however, you are going to have a little deal with me this Christmas all the same. Quite a simple one. Listen." He rose with a sinuous, panther-like movement and stood over her. She cowered slightly, the gleam of fear in her eyes became more marked.

" I'm at work here. I'm always at work everywhere, as you know: and never been caught out yet."

" One day you will be, thank God! " she broke in fiercely.

He laughed, a short, hard laugh. " Rubbish! "

" I'm acting this time, for a big American firm—Pearsons and Weinhermer—you may have heard of them? "

She had. Who has not?

" They are heavily engaged in oil concessions in the Caucasus at the moment. There is a small matter of a couple of million sterling in this deal of theirs—with pickings. The property belonging to the Syndicate this man Temperly has got such a large holding in marches alongside ours.

(Continued on page 44)

"I hold all records for quick bathing"

SPIRIT!—

BY HIGGINS

—OR THE SPORTSMAN WHO AGREED TO SLEEP IN THE HAUNTED ROOM

CARNIVAL

BY JUAN DE SIRRA

LIGHT FEET AND LIGHT HEARTS IN OLD MADRID

"Tim, I've come to tell you something——"

"Temperly's people are on the way to finding the rich borings. We are not. We want to know where those borings are, for very excellent reasons—and quickly. There is a plan of those borings in this house somewhere. Temperly and his engineer are the only two men who have got one—we know that. I want a sight of it for a quarter of an hour, with a piece of tracing-paper—that's all."

"You dirty . . ." She controlled herself with a sudden tremendous effort.

"Yes, well, we'll take all that as read, my dear. The thing is perfectly simple—with your assistance. That is where you and I do a little bit of business together, before . . . "—he waved his hand over the house in general—". . . pleasure: follow me? I only want to know just *where* this Alexander of finance keeps that camouflaged safe of his we hear so much about. A perfectly simple safe, they tell me, to an expert, but rather cunningly hidden. See?" He spread out ingratiating hands. With a shudder she noticed again those thin, delicate fingers of his.

"And if I go straight to Tim and tell him all this—now?" Her voice was fairly steady, but her eyes wavered under his calm scrutiny.

"You won't. Because within twenty-four hours of my being hoofed out of this house a list of some of your little—what shall we call them?—past peccadilloes will be lying on his table, with names of the gentlemen, dates and places. Not a long list, true, but a damned unpalatable one to a man who harbours illusions about women in general and one in particular—m-m?"

"Even *you* couldn't do such a thing!" The fury in her voice made her remark almost incoherent.

"Don't be silly! You know me better than that. Think it over. No hurry, dear—all Christmas."

She stood stone still, gazing into the fire with averted face.

He stood just behind her, rattling money in his trouser pocket and admiring the curve of her back.

After a long interval of silence she spoke faintly: "Arthur—you must *never* do that—it would mean the end . . . for me."

"I know. I don't want to, my child. But needs must, you know, where . . ."

"How do you know the—whatever it is you want—isn't in Tim's office, the natural place for it?"

"Because we went through it with a curry comb last night, including a quite ludicrous burglar-proof safe. He has brought that piece of parchment down here with him—wise man! He knows the group he is up against."

"And how am I to know you won't let me down, Arthur, if I—er—I help you?" Her voice was perfectly steady now: only she could not look at him.

"Because I shall give you my word. Whatever else I may have done I've still got the reputation of never having gone back on a woman. You know that, too."

Yes—she knew that, too.

"And will you go away at once when you've . . . ?"

"At once. I shall be wired for, as soon as I can get on the telephone. Death of an uncle—our staff work is flawless."

"Very well." Her voice was listlessly resigned to the inevitable. "There is a big oak pipe-rack in the library on the wall to the right of the fireplace. If you press the right-hand brass screw that fixes it to the wall—you'll have to use a pencil point or something—and then turn and face the opposite wall, you'll see the safe door open."

"Oh, it's one of those, is it?" he broke in, chuckling. "I see. Many thanks, my dear. That's a bet. We are now all square. You can rely on me—as I can on you." He gave her shoulder a friendly little pat, from which she shrank disgustedly, and he moved away towards the stairs humming a fox-trot blithely. Toni continued to stand motionless before the fire. There were tears in her eyes now. Were they of fear or remorse?

* * * * *

Week-end parties at the Warren seldom dispersed to bed much before midnight. But most of the people had motored down that bitterly cold day and were sleepy. So that by 1 a.m. everyone had gone. The big lounge hall was in darkness, except for the thin spear of light from Mason's electric torch as he moved slowly down the staircase, his dinner-jacket safety-pinned across any

(*Continued on page 47*)

"I must have a Christmas kiss"

BY HOWARD K. ELCOCK

"CHRISTMAS DAY AND ALL'S WELL!"

OXO
"My Nightcap"
OXO CUBE
"THE MIGHTY ATOM"
The "OXO" Habit

tell-tale white of shirt front—in case. There were few people living who could move about a house more stealthily than Arthur Mason, a gift acquired by long practice: none with fingers more skilled for the job in hand. He closed the library door absolutely silently and switched on the light.

"H'm, rather neat that," he said in a whisper to himself, as he saw the wall panel slide open to his silver pencil pressure on the pipe-rack screw. "Y-es, quite good that secret hinging, for British work—quite." And he got busy.

For half an hour there was no sound save the faint scratching of his fountain-pen on thin tracing-paper. Then he leaned back in the chair, lit a cigarette, studied his handiwork carefully, found it faultless, and smiled.

And at that moment an interested spectator in Tim Temperly moved out from behind the thick curtains and broke the silence with a short laugh.

Mason spun round with an oath:

"Don't move, my dear fellow," said his host, smiling blandly: "at least not for a few minutes, anyway."

He moved to the bell and pressed it.

The sleepy butler appeared almost at once. He seemed to be expecting a summons, for he was fully dressed.

"Ask Miss Ransford to come down, Perris; and tell Walters," his master nodded meaningly.

"So you've added this kind of thing to your other accomplishments, have you?"

Temperly picked up the plan and the tracing from the blotter. "You're very clever—but not quite clever enough." His voice was ominously calm. "You didn't know, of course, that I, too, have got some pretty hot friends in New York, whose warning caused me to have you kept under close observation ever since you landed at Southampton. I wanted to have you down here to study you at close quarters myself. Or that two experienced gentlemen watched you and your American safe manipulator enter and leave my office last night? No. And that it is a grave mistake for an international crook to attempt to do business with one of the whitest women who ever breathed? Well, here she is. She'll tell you the rest."

Mason had made no reply. He merely sat drumming his fingers nervously on the table-edge. His face had gone chalk-white. Toni came swiftly into the room in a fur coat thrown over a silk dressing-gown.

"Oh, Tim, have you got him?" she gasped.

Her man nodded. "Tell him, dear," he said, "it's your move," and he smiled tenderly at her.

Toni looked the seated man over contemptuously. "There is nothing," she said quietly, and there was the coldness of ice in her voice, "that I haven't told Tim about—about the past: and that weeks ago: long before you appeared on the scene with your disgustingness—you." She pulled herself up sharply and smiled wanly at Tim.

"I've nothing more to say to him, darling, he's not fit to speak to. What are you going to do with him?"

"Nothing," replied Tim shortly, "except tell him to get out. Hi! you!" He kicked the back of the chair in which the inert figure sat. "Get out of here. There is a car at the door. You've kept my chauffeur out of his bed quite long enough. He will drive you to the nearest town, and you can go to hell from there. We'll send your luggage after you in the morning."

Arthur Mason rose hurriedly. His movement towards the library door can best be described as a slink.

They stood facing each other across the big writing-table. Tim toyed with an ivory paper-knife, listening to the Rolls changing gear in the drive. Toni was searching his stern face with wide appealing eyes.

"Tim," she said softly, plucking self-consciously at the edge of her fur coat, "how *frightful* if I hadn't told you—everything—when I did."

"Yes, darling: but you did, like the precious thing you are. Go back to your little bed. Do you know it is nearly two o'clock? By gad! Christmas Day, too! I say, I must have a Christmas kiss. Come here . . ."

E. P. L.-B.

ARTLESS!

By Bertram Prance

Artist's Wife: "That's the kind of sky you should paint"
Artist: "Heaven forbid! The colours are entirely wrong, and the sky itself has the wrong position in regard to the horizon"

BY APPOINTMENT

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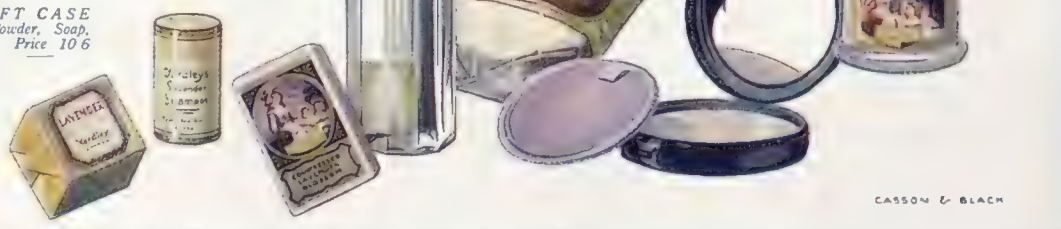


The BETROTHAL of the PRINCESS

A Fairy Tale in Doggerel

By A. J. TALBOT

Illustrated by H. R. MILLAR

The King and Queen are enthroned on a dais. The Princess sits very sulkily at the Queen's feet.

On the tapestry behind the thrones a crown, a monogram, and "XXXVIII" are worked in gold.

A fanfare.

KING (*reading with great unction*):

Now all these presents witness. Be it known
That WE (in solemn state upon our throne)
Gustave the Good, the Thirty-eighth to reign,
Proclaim, decree or, tersely put, ordain,
WHEREAS ——

QUEEN:

Oh! *must* we have that document
In all its serpentine extent?
Could not you give us just the gist—
Three strangers from the Isles of Mist
Arrive to-day in Never Land
To crave our lovely daughter's hand?

KING (*fumbling*):

Oh, well! . . . WHEREAS . . .

QUEEN (*helping him out impatiently*):

We sit in State
To watch our child select her mate.

PRINCESS (*speaking up suddenly*):

I do not care for men at all—
Unless they're lithe and straight and tall.
And none could hope to win my choice
That did not have a mellow voice,
With, preferably, wavy hair,
Which must, in any case, be fair.
And even so, he would not win
A second glance unless his chin
Were deeply dimpled. Special stress
I'd lay upon his taste in dress.
No scrubby beard his face must mar—
On that I'm most particular.
His eyes should be a limpid blue,
But a certain shade of grey *might* do.

QUEEN:

Your prattle takes a foolish trend,
The world won't run to suit your pleasure.
You'll choose from what the legends send,
And *not* expect a spouse to measure.
[*To King*] Are not we ready now, Papa?

KING (*huffily*):

As far as *I'm* concerned, we are.

Short flourish (off). ENTER at right, First Suitor.

QUEEN (*as the King is slow in finding his words*):

Our royal daughter, open-minded,
Attends your suit.

KING:

Don't be long-winded.
Of course, it hardly need be said
That if you fail you lose your head.

FIRST SUITOR (*with practised gallantry*):

Too late to take alarm—
I've lost my head already!
Faith! who could view such charm
And keep his heart-beats steady?
Nor yearn with sighs to please those eyes
The dark-fringed lids are masking?
For where was seen fresh seventeen
In sweeter bud, I'm asking?

KING (*coldly*):

I do not sit in State
To answer like an Oracle.

QUEEN:

You wrong this candidate,
His questions are rhetorical.

FIRST SUITOR:

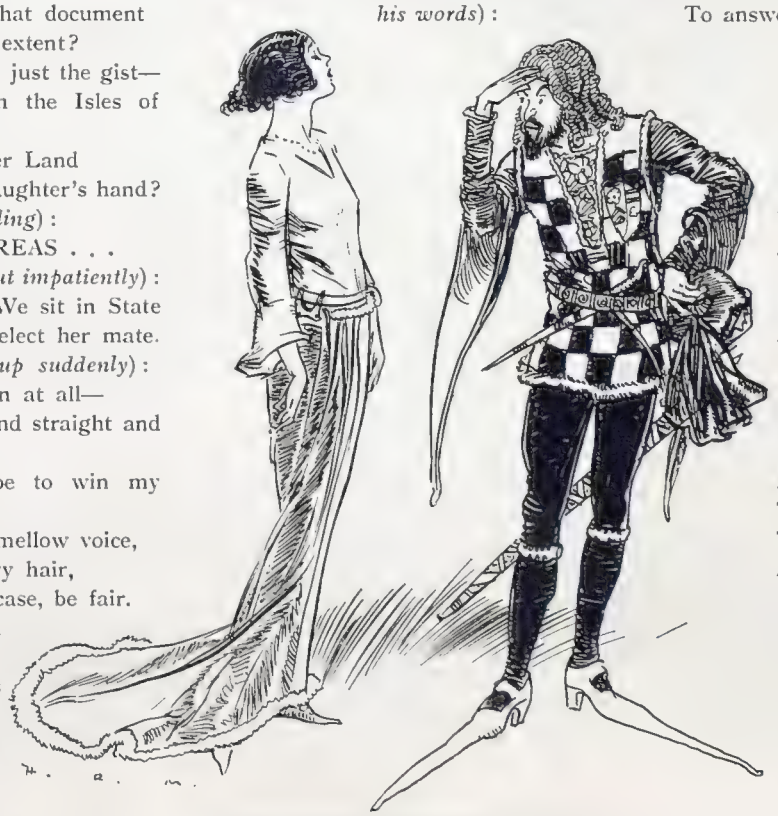
So fair and sweet is she
I fear my suit must tumble—
That *I* should live to see
A beauty make me humble!
For sure, our glen breeds proper men
Adept in Love's expression,
We're bold and we have chivalry,
We're quick to scent oppression [*ranting*].
And none like me to spur
The serf to greater latitude,
To teach the tyrant's cur
An independent attitude.

KING (*icily*):

Your talents would be wasted here.

QUEEN:

Our serfs and curs and smaller beer
Enjoy our rule. Our kindly thrall
Admits of no complaints at all—



"On closer scrutiny I find [*regards Princess*] The very charms . . ."

(*All rights strictly reserved*)

"Get round him when he's had his pudden"

KING:
Worth mentioning. They call me
"Good"!

QUEEN (*patting his hand*):
A well-earned adjective. And should
We move abroad, escorted proudly,
The rascals always cheer—

KING:
Quite loudly—

QUEEN:
Which proves they're more than satisfied.

KING:
This gentleman may stand aside.

First Suitor withdraws to extreme right. A short flourish (off). ENTER Second Suitor of bucolic appearance. He stands mute, crushing his hat nervously.

KING (*brutally*):
Is *this* a suitor?

SECOND SUITOR:
Zire, I be.

KING (*to Queen*):
Why waste our time—he's too inferior!

QUEEN (*kindly, suppressing her laughter*):
And yet a great heart possibly
May beat beneath that rude exterior.

KING (*to Second Suitor*): Listen. For the moment I am going to leave off speaking verse (*takes off his crown*) in order to address you, unofficially, in prose.

QUEEN: Your prospect of winning the Princess's hand is negligible.

KING: Be warned in time—

QUEEN: And cancel your entry. If you persist, it is not a marriage—

KING: But an execution that will be your doom. (*Suitor persists.*)

QUEEN: Then, the Princess is waiting.

KING (*peremptorily*): Charm her.

SECOND SUITOR:
Before her purty feet I lay
A love that's more than wealth untold.
I'm homely-like, but they dew zay
As pewter serves more use nor gold.

Zo if zo be she be inclined
To up and tak' me for her own
We'd drive off vast enough behind
The skewbald and the strorb'ry roan.

And when she walked athirt the varm
The boottercoops would bloom anew.
The missel-thrush would sing her charm,
The brindle cow would love her tew.

More or less inaudible.
Around our porch shall bloom the rose
With honeysuckle all entwined.
And Love alone shall . . .

QUEEN:
An honest churl—no guile or malice.

KING:
But much too awkward for a palace.
Our son-in-law—that homely clod!
Ambassadors would think him odd.

QUEEN:
My love, I share your point of view.
I know our daughter shares it "tew."

PRINCESS (*rising, and leaving dais*):
Please don't consider me at all,
For, frankly, these proceedings pall.

QUEEN (*rising*):
There speaks your modern pampered child!
Ungrateful slut!

KING (*rising*):
She makes me wild.
As parents we've been perfect models,
We always cheered her infant toddles.
(*They come to right and left of Princess.*)

QUEEN:
I used to tuck her up o' nights
Myself, in person; now she bites
The hand that knit her baby socks,
That nursed her royal chicken-pox.

KING:
Misguided by some whim or other
She spurns the legends, flaunts her mother.

PRINCESS:
The legends—if they cared a jot—
Might well have sent a better lot [*reasonably*].
Betrothals merit thought and care.
You must admit it isn't fair
That I, unrivalled in the land
For beauty, wit, and nice deportment,
Should have to choose a spouse, offhand,
From such a small and droll assortment.

QUEEN:
What nonsense, child—full well you know
I chose your royal father so!

PRINCESS (*stubbornly*):
And still I say, without preamble,
The legends are a perfect gamble.
(*Painful pause. King and Queen return piqued to dais.*)

KING:
Let's call the third.
[*Unkindly to Second Suitor.*]
We've done with you,
Your place is in the headsman's queue.
(*Second Suitor joins First Suitor.*)

QUEEN:
The third! My love, when *you* wooed me,
And I picked you out to share life's burden,
You, too, were suitor number three!

KING (*laboriously*):
The luck is often with the third 'un.

Where Christmas is Christmas

Horace W. Nicholls

A winter morning's scene in Chamonix, where the holiday-maker finds the nearest approach to the Yuletide of Dickens and the Christmas cards. The winter sportsman, however, knows joys that even Dickens never imagined!

Princess resumes her seat, very bored. A short flourish (off). ENTER Third Suitor.

KING (*curtly*):
We wait to hear you pay your court.
Proposals gain by being short.

THIRD SUITOR (*crossing with perfect composure*):
To be quite formal, may we first,
In outline, have the terms rehearsed?

KING:
Briefly this:—
Death or bliss.
Should she mock—
The headsman's block.
With one sharp shock
You'll feel death's stingdom.
But if her smile
Approves your style,
Why, then you stand
To win her hand
And half my kingdom.

THIRD SUITOR (*cannily*):
A half!

KING:
How now! You want it all?

THIRD SUITOR:
A kingdom split in two might fall
In halves which stretched a like extent
But differed as to crops and rent.
I might as well have stopped at home
Were my half barren, your half loam.

KING (*pushing back his crown and wiping his brow*):
He doubts my faith!

QUEEN:
A native shrewdness—

KING:
Remarkably akin to rudeness.
You'll have to take what half I choose
And trust my honour—win or lose.

THIRD SUITOR:
Before I woo I think I oughter
Enquire which lady is the daughter.

KING:
You seem to seek to give offence.

QUEEN:
I'm sure he speaks in innocence.
We've much alike. I'm always told
I'm young to have a child so old.
And did not once an envoy swear
We'd pass for sisters anywhere?

THIRD SUITOR:
Of course you would!

QUEEN:
How far too kind!

THIRD SUITOR:
On closer scrutiny I find [*regards Princess*]
The very charms which dwarf her others
Are faithful copies of her mother's.
And he who wins this maid so pure,
So lovely yet so immature,
Need feel no fear that ruthless time
May mar that face and form sublime,
For, gazing on her dame, he'll know
To what a bloom the bud may blow.

QUEEN (*joining hands of Third Suitor and Princess*):
I mustn't keep your blithe importunate!
I think you both are very fortunate.
I leave you to his adulations.
You've chosen well. Congratulations! [*to King.*]
I *knew* the third would be the winner!

KING:
That settles that—let's go to dinner.

PRINCESS:
But father, need these failures die?
(*The rejected suitors look up hopefully.*)

KING:
Of course they must!

PRINCESS:
I don't see why.

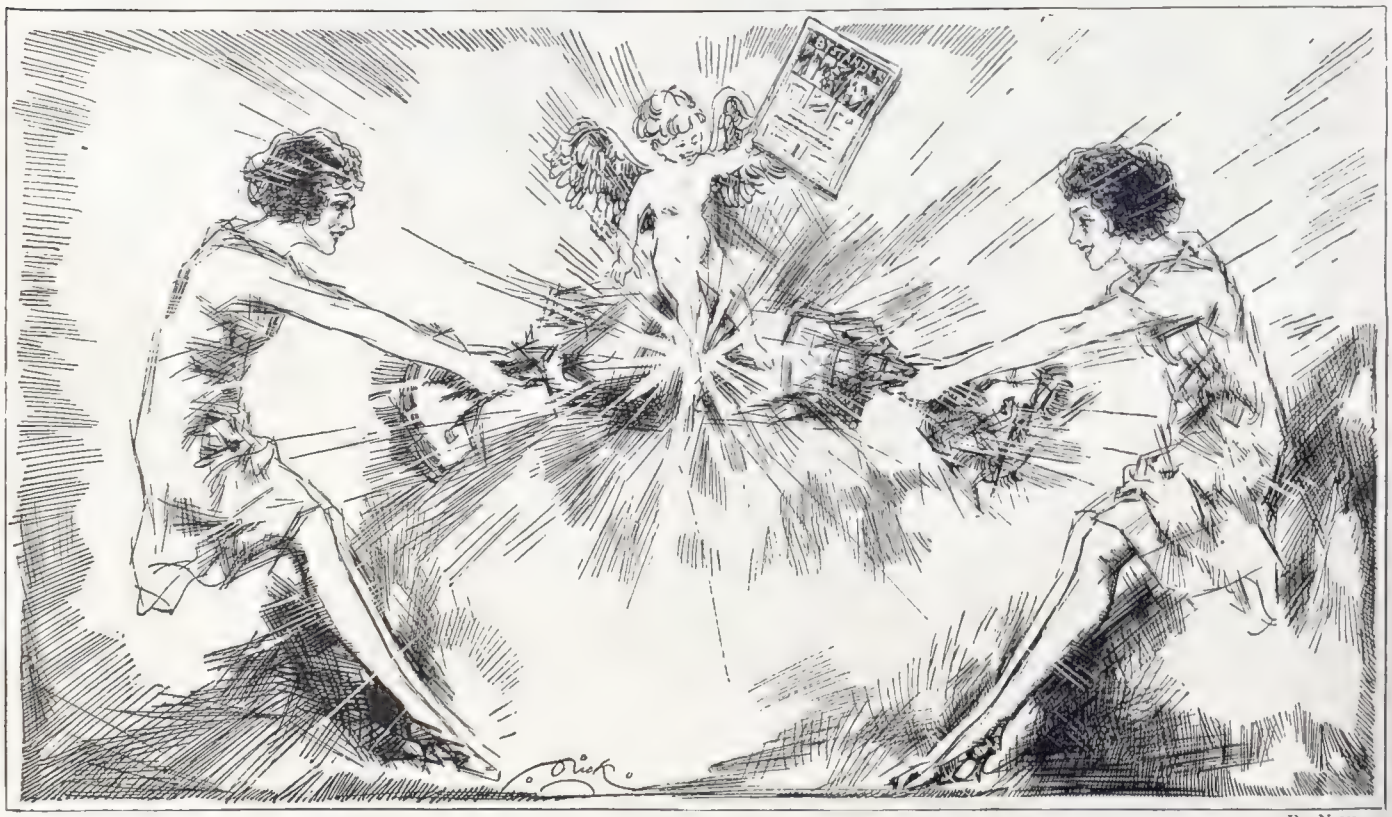
QUEEN:
All precedents forbid reprieve.
And take my counsel, when you leave
The parent nest to fly alone
And start a palace of your own,
Let strict procedure be observed. [*Gong off.*]

KING:
There, there—don't cry; the dinner's served.
To please you, both may join the spread,
But after that—off comes each head.

PRINCESS (*pettishly*):
That doesn't alter anything.

QUEEN:
My child, a wrinkle—quite a good 'un.
Don't try to turn a hungry king,
Get round him when he's had his pudden.

Pompous march (off). They form a procession, the two unsuccessful suitors, without much enthusiasm, bringing up the rear.



By Nick

A "SNAPPY" PRODUCTION

The Young Faun

BY HARRY WOOLLEY

Of course, we are fully aware that fauns are popularly supposed to have been males. However, as Woman has so successfully managed to take over many of man's jobs to-day, it is quite probable that even in the days of the Ancients she occasionally turned her hand to callings usually the prerogative of mere man

ROUND THE TABLE

By Hartley Carrick

Readers and friends,
On land or sea,
As the year ends,
Take this from me:—

May every dream
Surely come true;
May every scheme
Work its way through.

Having your fling,
May you have luck;
May the "good thing"
Ne'er come unstuck.

Once again comes
Christmas's call;
Once again, chums,
Here's to you all!

. . . .

IT is at this season of the year that poor paterfamilias realises to the full the high cost of giving.

. . . .

A CLERGYMAN has been satirically complaining of the small silver coins that make up a large proportion of the offertory. As this is the season of goodwill we trust he will cease from his threepenny-bitterness.

. . . .

"WHAT did Bobby say when you told him that Christmas was coming?"

"Yule do!"

. . . .

WE have recently heard of a lucky chap who has lost his memory. Naturally at the present-giving season he will forget his friends.

. . . .

A RECENT earthquake in Mexico has spoilt a golf course. The members are now diligently searching for the missing links.

ONCE again we are told that in the East End of London ten thousand people are living in one room. We shall believe it when we see that room.

. . . .

WE trust that at this festive time none of our many readers abroad will be half-overseas over.

. . . .

WE have just read of a man who has been tapped eight times for dropsy. That's nothing to the number of times our young nephew has "tapped" us.

. . . .

"AND what do you intend to spend this Xmas?"

"Only Xmas!"

. . . .

A BREWER'S calendar has reached us. It has, however, omitted to wish us a merry XXXmas.

"I LIKE the old-fashioned pantomime clown," writes a correspondent, "when I go to the theatre at Christmas." He evidently likes getting good value for his money.

. . . .

A COMPANY of carol singers have christened themselves "The Bright Ideas." We hope no one will dare to throw cold water on them.

. . . .

ANOTHER male choir consists only of men six feet in height. It seems that it will be difficult to avoid these long waits.

. . . .

A DERBYSHIRE miner last week was set upon by two irate matrons whom he had defrauded, and was soundly pommelled. This sounds like another massage from Ma's.

. . . .

A MAN has complained to a magistrate that his wife has joined a ladies' football club. But that would seem to indicate that she intends to be a better half.

. . . .

AN American statesman declares that the supply of petrol is giving out. Over there, however, we understand that he is known as the stormy petrol of politics.

. . . .

A VERGER near Tilbury has published a poem entitled "The Dead." He might just as well have called it "Gravesend."

. . . .

AN advertiser states that he can teach dancing by post. We suppose that he must employ a special kind of *pas seul* post.

. . . .

"WE live in stirring times," said Johnny, as he gave the Christmas pudding another vigorous dig.

. . . .

A YOUNGSTER of our acquaintance has been caught by his mother surreptitiously sampling her mincemeat. And we don't suppose he'll do it again for mince and mince and mince!

. . . .

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT:—No, sir, Longfellow never wrote the stanza, "Tell me not in Christmas numbers."

By A. MOLLOY

RHYME AND REASON

THE POET: "*Do* marry me. We'd make an ideal couplet"
THE MAID: "But I am averse!"

BY LAURIE TAYLER

BRINGING IN THE YULE LOG

An impression of how they did it in the days of yore

"TWO'S

BY PIERROT

COMPANY"

BY WEBSTER MURRAY

"YOUR VERY GOOD HEALTH, SIR"

Our artist writes: "The fifteenth century in Italy was a period of great progress in all the Arts. One which was not neglected was the gentle Art of Poisoning. One 'smelt a rose,' one 'drew on a pair of gloves'; a 'small prick from a ring during a friendly handclasp' and one's fate was sealed. The cheery scene above was staged by the famous Piero ——, Duke of —— (in case descendants take exception, blanks for names have been used and the Noble Duke has been given a beard!). The scene is in the nature of a Feast of Reconciliation to his Political Opponents. The good Cardinal 'X' is enjoying a cup of prime Falernian—with a soupçon of Poison—and drinking a toast to his own Health. Following this, the Noble Duke has the satisfaction of knowing that his Opponent and himself are at Peace!"

On Christmas Eve

On Christmas Eve I heard a gentle tread
And, turning swiftly, met her face to face—
That we should both be staying at that place
And I not know it, I who thought her dead!

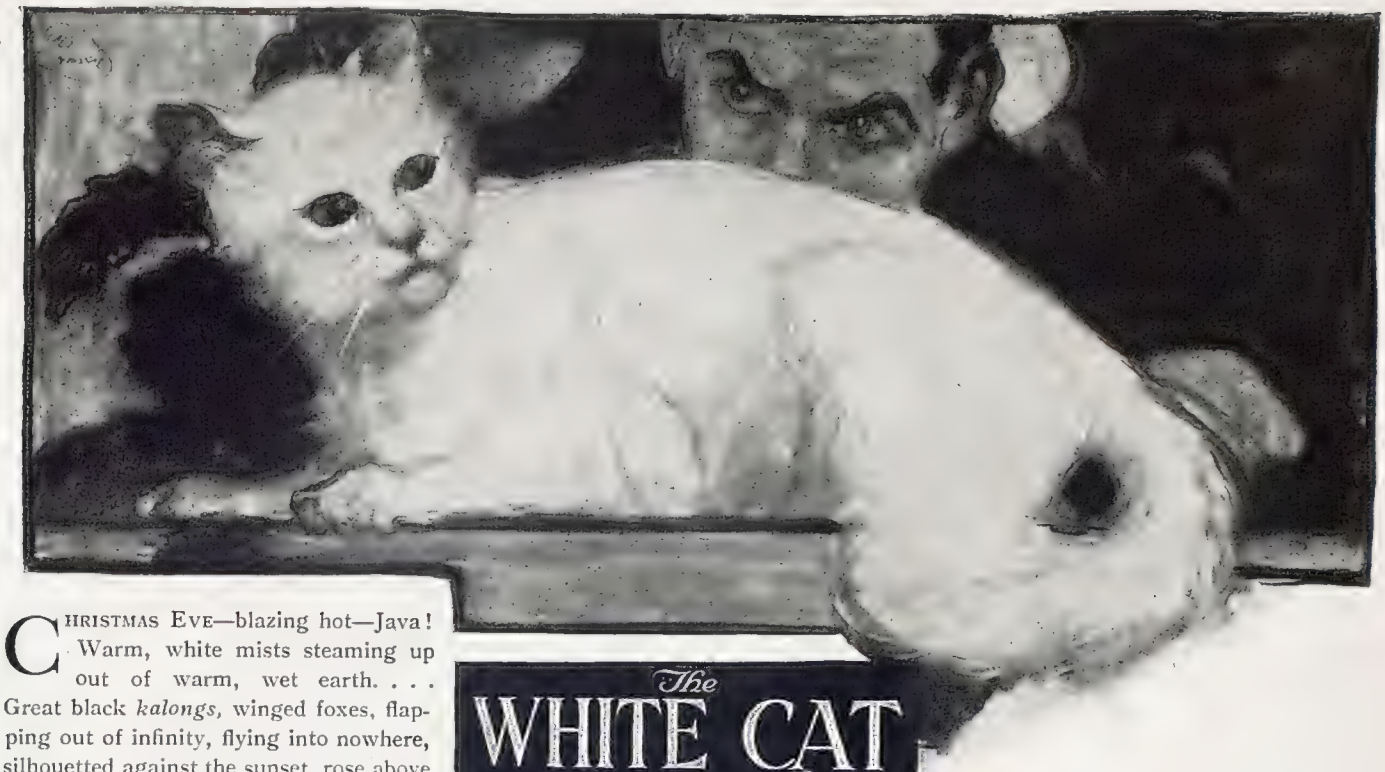
I gazed at her, yet not one word we said:
It seemed that time stood still in formless space
On Christmas Eve.

Those same brown eyes, that dainty little head,
Each tiny movement fraught with so much grace!
I could not make her stay, though I gave chase,
So set a trap to catch that mouse instead
On Christmas Eve!

LESLIE M. OYLER

Drawing by CUNINGHAM

ASSORTED
SHARP'S
SUPER-KREEM
TOFFEE
SHARP'S
BEST
TOFFEE
IS
Super Kreem
BRAND



The WHITE CAT

BY VENNETTE HERRON

ILLUSTRATIONS BY LEO BATES

CHRISTMAS EVE—blazing hot—Java! Warm, white mists steaming up out of warm, wet earth. . . . Great black *kalongs*, winged foxes, flapping out of infinity, flying into nowhere, silhouetted against the sunset, rose above the smoking *Tankoeban Prahoe*. Small purple blossoms, like snow in mourning, dropping silently from a small, straight tree, already a-drip on one side with ruddy saffron berries. . . . The far-off minor wail of a love-sick, moon-mad Malay. Melancholy!

Three years! Hands about her knees, shoulders drooping, Phyllis stared out into the swiftly in-drawing twilight. A brown boy, naked except for a string of twisted *slendang* about one shoulder, trudged along the path just below the low garden wall, driving a flock of tiny black and white goats.

"*Hi, djalan sadja!*" An indignant *kebon* hastily set down the two watering-cans, swinging on cords from a bamboo pole balanced across the base of his neck, and dashed after one of the animals, which had lingered to nibble at the flowering hedge banking the boundary. It had brought a smile and words of praise to the lips of his sad-eyed young mistress, that line of fragrant, faint white *catja-pirring* blooms against grey stone, and the ragged, jaunty, slant-orbed, youthful gardener had no intention of permitting it to be despoiled.

The nearest house stood some distance away; but Phyllis could see wee, winking stars behind dusk-glamoured panes of glass. . . . Festal stars, symmetrically spaced, wide apart at the bottom, triangled up to a single, flickering point of light. . . . Candles, burning on a green *tjamara* tree brought down from the hills.

All her life—every year, until the Java years—there had been a tree for her upon this anniversary, with candles and stacks of red-ribboned boxes. There were children in that other house. There would never be a child in hers—not now. Not that Phyllis minded that especially. . . . She was still a child herself—wanted her own toys. If just once more—if to-morrow morning—she could wake with a thrill, to find a heap of tinsel-tied parcels — surprises — little things—it wouldn't matter what. . . . She sighed. Of course, he'd give her a cheque—the big, stern, self-centred man, who'd swooped down upon her out of the unknown and married her before she'd had time to think. . . . A good-sized cheque—any old time—when the day was half over perhaps . . .

"You'll make yourself sick, Phyllis, if you sit on the bare marble. . . . How many times have I told you! And you'd better think about dressing, instead of mooning about here, if you want to go to that fool dance!"

Hendrick van Loon gnawed at a cigarette, twisting it about with yellowed, nervous fingers—mutilating whatever he touched, his thoughts far away. Disregarding his warning to his wife, fidgeting over the plans in his head, he sat down upon a lower step himself. . . . Not very distant from the huddled girl—not very near. . . . Infinitely individual and remote.

"One can see the lights of the Klaassen's Christmas tree from here."

"Eh—what? Oh, I suppose one has to keep up all that nonsense where there are kids. . . . Thank heavens, we—*God verdomme*, there's that damned white cat again!" He picked up a large pebble from the gravelled path at his feet and threw it, irritably, inaccurately.

He had been not altogether unsubtle once, but that was long ago, before he had made so much money that it outweighed everything else—before he had ever known the pretty English girl, whom, upon a sudden arrogant, obstinate, irresistible impulse, he had married during his last furlough in Europe, and had brought back to Java to decorate his big house.

It was so late that it was almost early when van Loon strolled into the ball-room of the Concordia, where, earlier, he had dropped her, saying: "Rupert'll look after you, and I'll show up, as usual, in time to take you home."

Phyllis passed—a fairy in silver *lamé*, so young, so gay and shining-eyed now. . . . Strange he'd never seen her eyes shine like that before, thought Hendrick. She was dancing with Rupert van Bülow—a man younger than himself, almost as young as Phyllis, but still, his friend. It was Hendrick who had first asked the other to take his wife about a bit. . . .

Ah, there was Phyllis again! . . . Still dancing with Rupert—smiling up into his eyes! Neither of the two observed the husband, although they brushed close by him. Words, light as feathers, passed between the whirling pair. . . . They laughed together: their merriment flashed forth in little sparks—floated around them like *luciole*, fireflies of Italy. . . . Their feet kept time automatically, obedient to one impulse. . . . They revolved in a little radiance of their own.

Without understanding what drew them, Hendrick's eyes followed the glow. Once he saw Phyllis shrug

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slightly, as though discarding a responsibility—or was it a scruple? . . .

But being, in spite of an acquired hardness, himself a gentleman—and not yet a lover—it was not a soiling suspicion which crossed the mind of van Loon as he watched, but only the thought: "Damned little beauty, Phyllis, when she's waked up like that—never saw her look so ripping before! . . ."

Then, as he kept his eyes upon her, came an hitherto unexperienced, sharp, peculiar stab—not jealousy, but envy! Quite suddenly, like a cloud-burst from a clear sky, there broke over him the realisation that he had never actually enjoyed anything in his life—not even his own wife. He'd achieved a lot, amassed an amazing amount of money. . . . But what had he got out of it?

The music ceased, and, rising, Hendrick strode across the room. "Evening, Rupert. Having a good time, Phyllis?"

"Oh, glorious!" cried the girl. Her tone was warm, but the glow waned visibly. "I—I s'pose you'd like me to go now?"

'Oh, I don't mind waiting a little longer," replied van Loon "Suppose you give the next dance to me?"

"You—you mean to dance!" Phyllis's eyes were absolutely round with astonishment.

"Well, I expect a husband ought to dance once with his wife on Christmas Eve—and I can, you know. . . . We did occasionally in Europe, didn't we?"

"Why, yes, so we did," answered Phyllis. She dimpled a little at the prospect, but her eyes remained wondering.

"Excuse us, Rupert; join you here, after!" The band had struck up again, and Hendrick set an arm about the waist of his wife. He'd been a fair dancer years before, but had had no practice for a long time, and steps had changed. . . . It wasn't that, however, which made the next moments go badly, so much as the man's embarrassment. He'd let himself into it voluntarily, in a vague search after something. . . . But as soon as he commenced he felt a fearful fool! A chance acquaintance, bumped against on the floor, flung him a chaffing word, and it seemed to Hendrick that the stares of all the room were upon him. . . .

"Come on—let's get out of this! We've done our duty, and it's late. . . . Disgusting spectacle anyway—everybody half drunk. Ugh!"

"But I must say good-night to Rupert!"

Hendrick scowled. "I'll tell him to wait for you by the door. And hurry, please—I'm half dead! . . . Closed a big deal to-night." There was a tinge of excuse—appeal almost—in the last. . . . But Phyllis had already turned towards the cloak-room.

The house of the van Loons was just outside the edge of the town, half an hour's drive from the club, when the streets were, as to-night, thronged with vehicles of every kind. . . .

"What do you find so likable in Rupert?" The question shot through the swinging, white stillness like a bullet tearing through a drum.

Phyllis started—only half comprehending—drawn back from reverie, like one awakened by a cry of "Fire!" "I—I don't know . . ." she faltered. "He's kind and gay—always. . . . And he plays with me."

"What do you talk about?"

"Why—everything. . . . Music and books and games and—just whatever we happen to be thinking. Why? You like him, too—don't you? . . . He's your friend!"

"Is he? . . . Oh, yes—of course."

"Hendrick—you aren't—you don't object to my being with Rupert? It was you who . . ."

"Certainly I don't object . . . Don't talk such nonsense! You must have a playmate—of course." Suddenly, wryly, the big man smiled—and there was some charm and some pathos in that smile. "I'm glad if you enjoyed the evening, Phyllis" — making an effort strangely new. "Here we are!"

"Good-night, my dear!" Perfunctorily, as always, but with a queer edge to his tone, van Loon touched his lips to his wife's forehead. Even for that he had to stoop.

"Good-night, Hendrick!"

Just a second of hesitation—a tiny, portentous tremor, as of a star on the verge of falling . . . Then the girl walked on—proud head lifted, silver heels clicking against patterned tiles—across the width of the broad *foyer*—down the long, echoing marble corridor—on, to her own suite . . . While the man turned aside into the very masculine apartment which he had made his own—quite at the front of the house and connected by a door with the *Kantoor*, or office, which is such an important part of every prosperous colonial establishment.

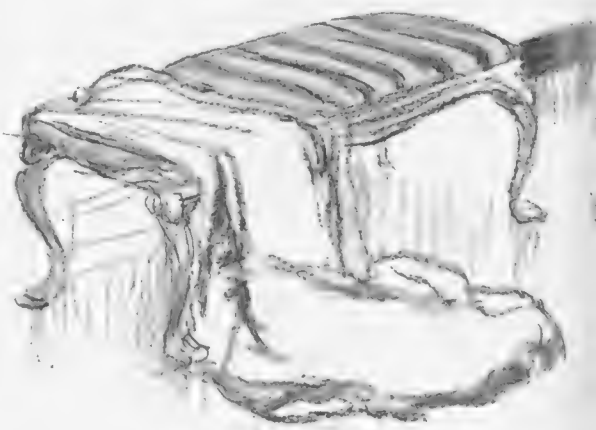
Phyllis's little *baboe*, Ina, asleep on a grass mat before the bedroom door, roused as her mistress entered, and the process of disrobing began. Usually Phyllis hurried, laughingly petulant under ministration, eager as a child for sleep after an evening's pleasure; but to-night she moved languidly, as though seeing eternity before her. Slowly—slowly, the silver gown was drawn off—the silver slippers, the flesh-pink, almost invisible web of stockings . . . Discarded trinkets made a little glittering, jewelled mound on the shining glass top of the silk-draped dressing-table.

Remained a miracle of chiffon coquetry, at which Phyllis looked long-standing, pink toes buried in white fur, before the full-length mirror, set into the door of her *garde-robe*. She might have been herself a little dancing figure, suspended by a thread of gold from the swinging tip of a Christmas tree, so lightly was she poised—so airily. Twice she glanced toward the closed corridor-door . . . Then shook herself angrily, and went on with undressing . . .

But it had to end some time . . . And then Phyllis was alone—covered over with linen and lace—pink gauze *klamboe* drawn tight, so that not even a single mosquito might disturb her slumber.

But not at once did she fall asleep; instead, she lay staring into the false darkness made by closed wooden shutters, and two hot tears rolled down her flushed cheeks—losing themselves in the dampness of her short, curled hair.

As for Hendrick—man-of-business—strong, iron-willed, he would sleep, of course, and forget all nonsense! Was he a Malay to go mad because the moon was full? He poured a glass of *jenever* from the tall, thin, stone flask,



standing as always upon his dressing-table—got quickly into pyjamas, sat down determinedly upon the side of his bed . . . and remained there, sitting.

How had it come to this—that he should be so completely, inevitably, irrevocably alone . . . While at the other end of his house slept the beautiful, "altogether desirable" woman—yes, he said it, biting the words between his teeth—whom the world and the law called his! There had been a time, at the beginning, when she'd been his wife in more than name—just naturally, because he'd married her. Hendrick's mind searched back to that time. Docile she'd been, and sweet—eager to give pleasure, yet reticent—always with a half-formed, curiously wistful question in her eyes . . . More child than woman,

he realised, looking back . . . But a child waiting—expecting something—which never arrived. He'd felt it even then—but irritably only. What did she want, anyway? Hanged if he knew . . . He was always kind, if arrogant . . . Why not? She was his possession—a charming toy for idle hours.

But idle hours were few in Hendrick's life . . . And just then had come a time of terrible stress and strain—confusion, competition, the *malaise*, changes in *valuta*—a cruel and driving time, during which the structure of prosperity, which he had taken years to raise, had quivered to its base. It was after a day of grinding anxiety that, broken and grey with fatigue, the man-of-affairs had thrown himself down upon a couch in the room adjoining his office to sleep—without thinking, too exhausted to think—longing for aloneness, as a wounded and wearied animal longs.

And, lying alone there, solutions had come, and fresh fighting thoughts with which to meet the new day. And because of that, the next night had found Hendrick back in the same place—struggling anew with his problems—battling them out in solitude . . . And the next night—and the next. All quite natural, surely . . .

"To-night she moved lanquidly, as though seeing eternity before her"

After several days there had appeared, as if by magic, a small bed—a dressing-table, various comforts and conveniences in the room beyond the *Kantoor*. "Jolly clever of her—nice, understanding little creature!" had thought the man-of-business, at first sight of the additions . . . And had plunged into his work again—still speaking no word to the girl who sat, always silent now, her prattle stilled, at the opposite side of his dining-table.

And this had gone on for some time—nearly three months, reckoned Hendrick, retrospecting—three strenuous months of crowded living—life crammed to the full, as a man counts life . . .

"Everything's all right now . . . And I'll have made a clean million before spring!" Hendrick had expanded one evening, over coffee and liqueurs.

"Splendid!" had responded Phyllis politely—not in the least knowing what he was talking about—not caring, since she had never been taught to care . . .

And later that night Hendrick had opened the door to his wife's apartment—had entered—carelessly, casually, as though following a habit. Why not? She was his wife, wasn't she? He'd been occupied, now he was occupied no longer—wherefore he had come back to her.

To be met not by the girl whom he had married, nor yet by the girl who seemed to come back later, but by a regally lovely and outraged woman, royally gathering her loosened garments about her. "What is it, Hendrick?" had asked Phyllis coldly, "Are you ill or something?" and had awaited his answer, standing.

"Why, no," he had responded—already abashed, but arrogantly ashamed of his embarrassment, determined not to show it . . . Genuinely nonplussed a little, too. "Been so busy lately—almost forgot I had a wife!"

The shoulder had shuddered from his grasp—draperies dragged about her chin, two eyes had blazed forth in scorn unfathomable. "How dare you come to me like this? Am I a doll—to be taken up, and laid aside, and taken up again, at your pleasure? You—men!" She choked. "Am I nothing, because I am a woman? Is it your whim—your caprice of a moment, after all that matters is over—is it you, who are to be considered always? There are women in the town for that! Please leave me!"

"Phyllis, are you crazy?" He had stood for a moment, honestly puzzled. . . . Had the uncertainty lasted . . . But then anger had engulfed him. "Oh, very well! Don't imagine for a second that you can make a monkey out of me with your tantrums! What would you have me do, anyway—fall on my knees? No woman's as valuable as all that, my dear!" And he had gone—back to the barren room, behind his Bureau.

But the scorn in two eyes like frozen flames, the scent of withdrawn chiffons, and the texture of an unattainable marble shoulder had lingered longer than the memory of earlier, easy sweet-

ness—had, indeed, been difficult to shake off. Strange that! Still, he had vanquished it—with work mostly . . .

Hunched on the edge of his bed, van Loon thought of all these things. A barrier, strong as iron bars—pride is stronger, of course—separated him from the other end of his house . . . And yet was it? Was it possible that he—the conquering male—god-of-great-affairs—was afraid—actually *afraid* of his own wife? He stood up—strode back and forth—thought it over—sat down. He couldn't—simply *couldn't* try again. . . . Try differently—for that would be necessary, of course—admit to mistake. . . . Impossible—unthinkable . . . It couldn't be done! He took another glass of gin . . .

And then . . . That look she'd given Rupert—the way they danced! . . . Good God, had he been blind? Once more he tramped up and down—banged one fist against the other. He was a fool—an idiot! . . . She was his wife! Damn it all, he'd show her! She'd made a mock of him! He switched on a light—paced like a panther into the hall—kicked aside a rug which lay in his path . . . He'd show her!

But before her door he paused. Two eyes—beseeching, girlish, unsatisfied. . . . Two woman's eyes—loyal, scornful, contemptuous . . . Two eyes afraid—retreating from him . . . Phyllis's eyes! They wavered before him, blocking the way, like portents of fire. It was true. . . . He'd never given—only taken . . . And he couldn't give now! It was too late—he didn't know how! There was just one thing he could do for her—leave her in peace! Almost humbly, head hanging, yet with rage still ravening at his heart, Hendrick turned back to his own room . . . Took another glass of gin—"Must sleep somehow!" lay down upon his bed—drew fast the protective netting . . . Would sleep—must . . . Fool!

Christmas morning—bells ringing . . . On one of the shaded terraces a delightful breakfast-table—white and green, cool looking, in spite of the heat streaming up under the awning . . . An odour of sun-hot marigolds. Canaries singing in tasselled cages. At the table van Loon, dressed in clean white linen, stiff collar up to the chin—stern, well in hand, composed—to all outward appearance himself again . . . But when he spoke, it was gently.

"Here, Phyllis," said he to the delectable vision, in a morning wrap of jade chiffon, lined with matching ostrich feathers, which sat opposite, "I never can think of something which might please you—and I'm so damnably rushed always—but I'd like you to get something you really want this year.

"A tall Pierrot in white satin stood beside her"

How about another string of pearls—or whatever you happen to fancy, of course. . . . Merry Christmas, my dear!" He pushed the slip of paper towards her, almost shyly.

Even this was an innovation—the greeting—the remembrance so early in the morning. Phyllis's eyes brightened. "Oh, thank you!" she exclaimed cordially—and laid her fingers for a second over his.

"Tired, Phyllis?"

"A little, perhaps—but I'll rest again this afternoon."

"Planning to go back to the Club to-night, I suppose?"

"Why, yes—it's Christmas—and a *Bal Masqué*, you know. I've a duck of a Columbine costume—white, black and silver . . . Not very original, I know, but it suits me."

"Like me to come along?"

"Why—of course; only—naturally it didn't occur to me that you'd care to come early—and so I promised Rupert. . . . Do you mind?"

"Certainly not!" answered the man, savagely stirring his coffee. "I'll drop round later—very likely."

"I've heaps to do," said Phyllis, rising to carry a lump of sugar to a green parrot, chained with silver to a silver perch in a corner, "and I must get a long sleep this afternoon, so I'd better go in, I think."

"Yes, of course."

Van Loon sat on alone. How pungent—like Java itself, when one thought of it—was the scent of the marigolds! How to begin? He couldn't—simply, he couldn't! . . . He'd have to go on as he had first begun! There was no way out—for a wild-cat—used to being lord of the jungle, fierce and alone.

And then—stepping daintily, royally, along the top of the terrace parapet—scanning him askance with glowing, owl-like eyes, like two green moons—came the white cat!

And suddenly, almost boyishly, Hendrick van Loon laughed. Glancing hastily around to make certain that he was unobserved, he caught up a sardine from the heavily-stocked Dutch breakfast-board, and tossed it lightly towards the animal.

The ballroom of the Concordia that evening was even more festive, if possible, than on the previous night. Fresh flowers had been added—all sorts of fantastic conceits . . .

"Hendrick coming along presently?"

"I expect so—later. He spoke about it this morning—but afterwards seemed a bit uncertain. It's sad, isn't it, that holidays can't last for ever?"

Phyllis, the most elusive, wilful, and wistful of Columbines, in a fluff of white tulle reaching half-way to her knees, and a black and silver ruff rising above her ears—two tall black feathers—from a peacock which never was on

BY H. J. PEARSON

LES POUPÉES

land or sea—nodding from a band of silver about her brow, looked up, much as she had done the night before, and smiled at Rupert.

Rupert himself was a Toreador in black and scarlet, and the costume suited his lithe, young vigour. "But it's only because holidays come seldom that one appreciates them so much—perhaps," he responded, rather tritely, to Phyllis's concluding comment. His arm about her was tense, firm, and there was a little, reckless gleam in his eyes which had not been there the evening before.

"My dance, I believe!" A hand in a white kid glove was laid peremptorily upon the arm of Phyllis.

Startled, she looked up. A tall Pierrot in white satin stood beside her—gleaming white, from the top of his high-pointed cap to his shoes . . . His face a white-enamelled mask—red-mouthed, languishing, with a curious green shadow painted under each eye—a marvellous mask—*decadent,* alluring—such as only Javanese craftsmen can make.

"I think you're mistaken—the lady has promised the next dance to me!" put in Rupert sharply.

"It's you who are wrong!" retorted Pierrot. "Since the beginning of legend, Columbine has belonged to me—when the moon is full at least!" And, somehow, before any of them quite knew what had happened, he had swept her away. "I have been searching for you all over the world, Columbine!" he said. His dancing was not professional; but it was carefree, easy, rhythmical—and improved every moment.

"You always have been!" responded she. "But although you sometimes find me, you always lose me again—poor Pierrot!"

And then Pierrot stooped to whisper, and the girl drew back a little, blushing beneath her mask, half-flattered, half-frightened; for what he said was audacity itself — said wittily — said ardently.

"Whom is it that he reminds me of—faintly?" thought Phyllis. "Someone—and yet I can't think whom . . . Not anyone who could possibly be here—like this!" But there was a gaiety—an *insouciance*—a daring about the unknown which fascinated—as did also the uncertainty—the risk.

"Phyllis—really—what the devil do you think Hendrick would say?" raged Rupert, when at last he succeeded in carrying her off for a moment.

"What does it matter? He's never said anything about you!" laughed the girl . . . And went back, laughing—back to badinage and high nonsense—mixed with seriousness, verging on madness. . . . Drawn closer and closer . . . Dreaming that it might be—knowing that it could not . . . Bewildered, half hysterical, yet dainty Columbine always—playing her part.

"Soon—*soon,*" whispered Pierrot in her ear, "I'm going to carry you away from here—back to the moon where we both belong . . . And you shall sit on a couch of jade, and drink melted pearls from a goblet of ebony . . . Will you come?"

"And you, Pierrot?"

"Oh, I shall sing to you—and I will wrap you in a cloud to keep you warm—and I will gather up the stars to make you a bouquet! Will you come—will you come *now?*"

Phyllis looked, and saw—smiling, languishing—only a painted white mask turned down to her.

But behind the mask were eyes which flamed—curious, colourless eyes, like lamps in frames of painted green. Phyllis trembled and herself looked down. "I dare not!" she said. "I am tied to the earth—and there is a wizard there, who lives in a big white house and has power over me."

"Do you love the wizard?"

"I might have—had he loved me . . . But, anyway, I bear his name."

"What's in a name?" demanded Pierrot fiercely.

"Nothing at all—just less than nothing!" answered the girl—surprisingly . . . And smiled—all the mischief and the magic of Eve in her mouth—her still demurely down-cast eyes fixed upon the white-gloved hands of Pierrot. . . . Nervous hands, from the fingers of one of which hung an unlighted cigarette—twisted, tortured, mutilated—a useless object, for how may one smoke with only a painted, scarlet mouth upon a mask of white enamel? Yet when nothing remained of this one but a few shreds of brown tobacco, raining over white satin, another would be produced from some mysterious masculine hiding-place to undergo the torment of the first; Phyllis knew that now—for so it had been throughout the evening. "It must have taken courage!" she murmured to herself—and leaned against her companion—not less, but doubly excited by her knowledge. "I dare not go!" she said softly. "Will it—has it been lonely in the moon without me?"

"It has been hell!" answered Pierrot. But you're going back now . . . Come, Columbine!" and he led her—half roughly, half tenderly—to the exit.

"But I must not!" protested she, following very carefully, whenever the crowd threatened to separate them—teeth on her lip to keep it from trembling—eyes full of laughter, half blinded by tears. "How—how does one go to the moon?" . . . Wondering if one went in a familiar grey car.

"This way!" replied Pierrot; and lifted her into the nearest taxi. "*Djalan*—drive far away from here—very high—very fast—drive to the moon!" he said in Malay.

"*Ja toean,*" answered the grinning native . . . And did, quite simply, as nearly as possible, what he had been told . . . For surely they went to the edge of destruction and back in that mad drive! Past gleaming, white stucco houses—silver houses in a silver night—with here and there still a pyramid of Christmas stars winking in a window. . . . Past *kampongs*—tiny huts of bamboo beneath whispering palms—wee red lamps burning before black slits of doors . . . Tall black trees—climbing up and up—closing them in—blotting out the world—only a strip of narrow silver ribbon overhead . . . Falling twigs—the roar of a far-off tiger . . . Higher and higher—leaving the earth behind.

"*Soeda sampeh, toean?*" "Enough, my lord?"

"*Ja!*" curtly. "*Poelang sadja!*"

Wind whistling in their ears—humming, singing—going down again . . Rocking around corners—skidding—skirting the brink of a precipice . . . Uncaring—mad—mad! . . . No real sense of anything—except burning mouth against burning mouth—flame against fire. Hard, ruthless fingers stinging into the yielding flesh of an unresisting shoulder . . . A man's voice—"Damn this key! . . . Damned little devil, you—have you tortured me long enough?" Stumbling over a rug in the darkness. . . . Strong arms lifting her . . . "I love you, child—do you know that I love you, now?"

"At last!" answered Phyllis.

Hours later . . . Grey dawn creeping through closed shutters—stroking with soft, grey fingers a little torn Columbine dress and a rumpled, but still shimmering, heap of white satin, lying together on the floor . . .

"But I'll never trust you again, Phyllis—never! You came with me without knowing—you know you did!"

"Yes—certainly!" responded she—steadily, sweetly—brown eyes innocent as a baby's—"And you're right, Hendrick . . . You must never trust a woman—but watch her—guard her well—so long as you want her . . . For we're none of us what you think we are! Oh, what's that? I saw something—peering in at the window!" and Phyllis reached quickly for the little revolver which rests on nearly every woman's bedside-table in the Far East—especially if she usually sleeps alone.

A hand caught her arm—pulled her down. "Don't hurt it, darling," said her husband's voice in her ear—half smothered by her hair—"For God's sake, don't hurt it, sweetheart; it's the white cat!"

V. H.

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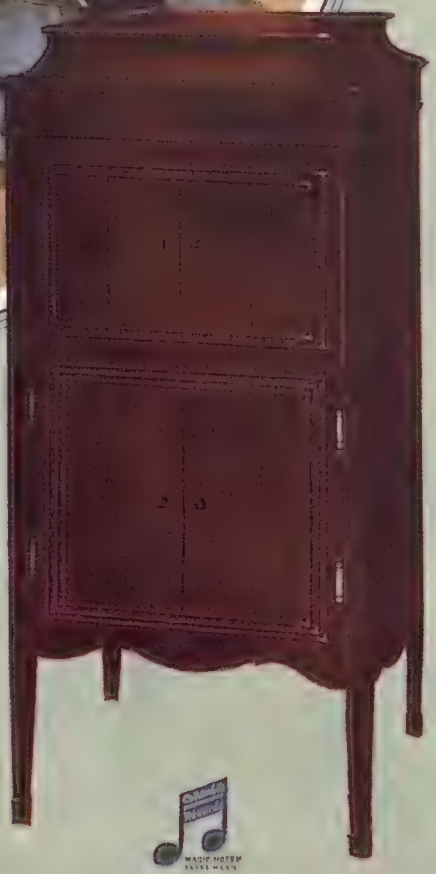

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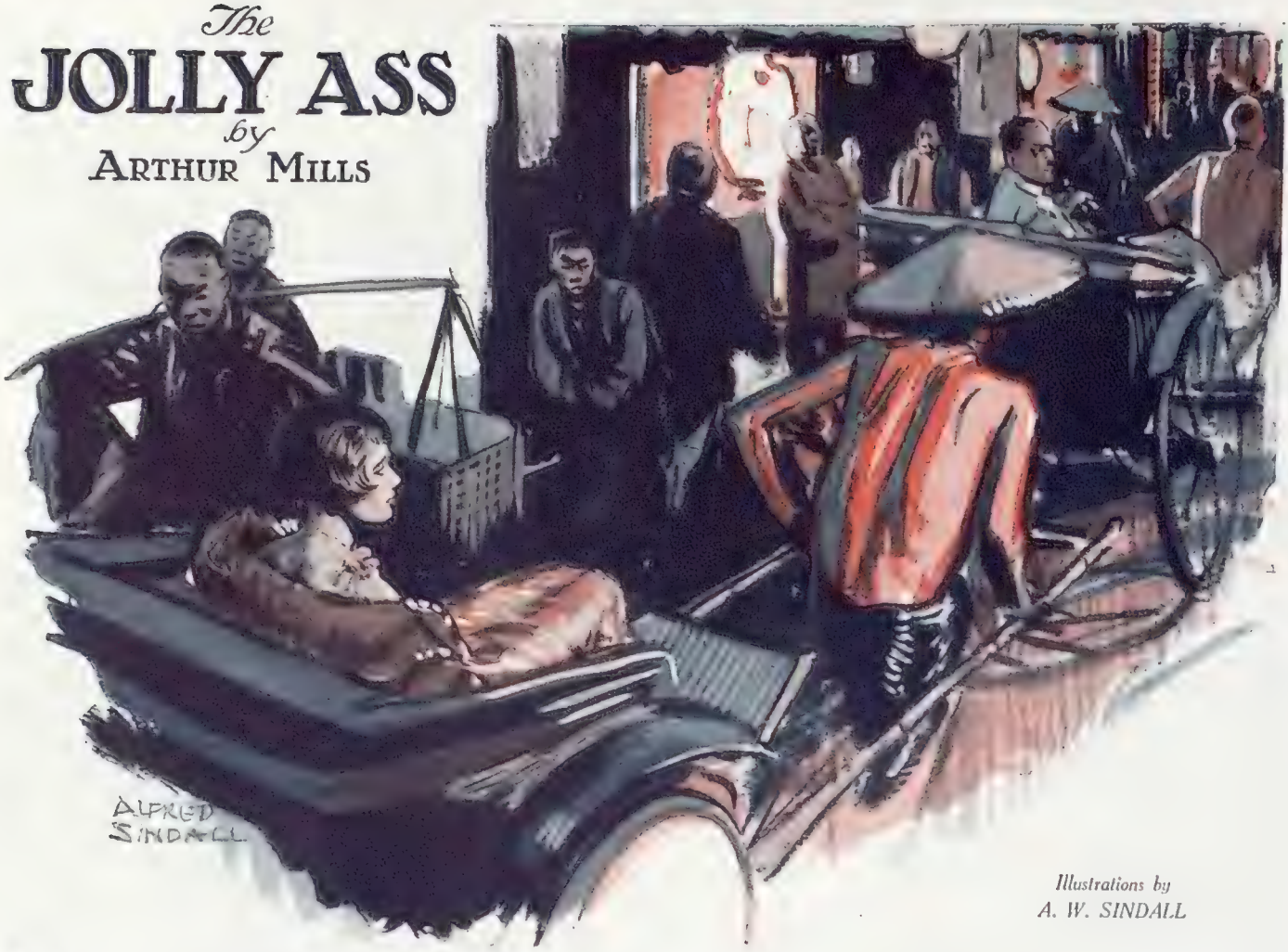
A SORROWFUL WINTER'S TALE

The water-nymphs discover a little frozen faun

The JOLLY ASS

by ARTHUR MILLS



Illustrations by
A. W. SINDALL

Now in peace time the difference between an A.D.C. and a subaltern doing regimental duty is as champagne to small beer; this is in so far as prestige among the ladies goes; among men each will be judged upon his merits, with a prejudice against the A.D.C., often unfair, and usually born of jealousy—for the A.D.C. has generally a more amusing life.

It was natural enough, therefore, that Rosalie should prefer Gerald Burney to Tony Foyle, though the men said that Gerald was a drawing-room pet, and worse things than that, and everyone knew that Tony was a jolly good fellow.

Gerald himself, with the gift that he had of summing up people pertinently and not over kindly, said that Tony was "a jolly ass." And the description so fitted Tony at the moment that Rosalie laughed.

They were on the lawn of Government House at the time watching a game of tennis in which Tony was playing. Tony was a good-looking young man, with curly hair, boyish blue eyes and white teeth, which he always showed when he laughed—that is to say, most of the time. There was no reason why he should not laugh, considering that he was young, possessed perfect health, and thoroughly enjoyed the life of a regimental soldier.

However, Rosalie found Gerald's company more engaging; she did not mind his slightly blasé air, and appreciated his general knowledge, in particular the evidences he gave of being able to understand herself, which she felt that Tony would never do. It was not a recommendation to her that Tony wished most honourably to marry her, while she knew that Gerald, though he was too polite to tell her so, had no intentions of the sort. When one is the prettiest girl in the station, the fact that a man wants to marry one does not keep one lying awake o' nights.

As a matter of fact Rosalie had discussed the matter with her aunt, the wife of H.E.

Lady Hane viewed with disapproval the intimacy between Rosalie and her husband's A.D.C. for two reasons, of which the fact that Gerald's engaging ways had endeared him to herself is the only one worth mentioning.

"You'll never be happy with a man who can't look after you," she said to her niece.

"Such as?" enquired Rosalie.

But her ladyship wasn't going to give herself away so openly; she tacked.

"That young Tony Foyle adores you, and I'm sure he'd make any girl he married happy; he's such a good fellow."

"I can't bear good men." Rosalie flicked the ash from her cigarette.

Rosalie had been behaving none too well lately, and her aunt's temper, overstrained by responsibility, gave way.

"One of these days you'll think differently; you will learn that the only man that matters in a woman's life is the one who will stick to her through thick and thin."

"Well, we can't all marry someone wonderful like Uncle George."

Lady Hane snorted; she was not thinking of Uncle George.

"Captain Burney," she called sharply, "will you come with me up to the house; I've got that invitation list to go through."

Gerald made a little face at Rosalie behind her aunt's back and departed.

Rosalie lit a fresh cigarette. Her aunt's words had slipped like water off her back. Knights in armour might be all very romantic, and cave men have their points, but for the moment all she wanted was someone who knew where to put his hand on her back when dancing, and didn't talk when she was tired.

Suffering serpents! there was Tony Foyle coming across. He had finished his tennis, and would plant himself down and talk and laugh in that silly way. "The jolly ass," Gerald had called him, and a very good name for him too. Well, anyway, she and Gerald had a lovely plan for that evening, and so she would endure Tony's society for a bit as a sort of penance.

"Hullo! how's things?" Tony dropped his racquet on the grass and sat down by Rosalie's chair.

(Continued on page 72)

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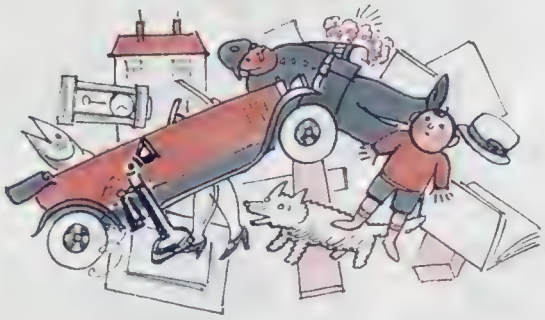
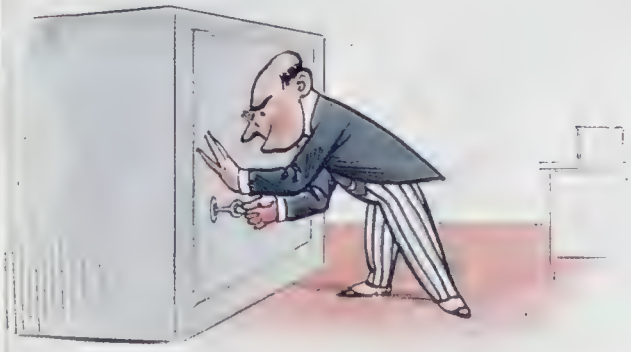
There's a time for Laughter

& There's a time for Tears



Theres a time for Everything

Yo Ho my little Dears !



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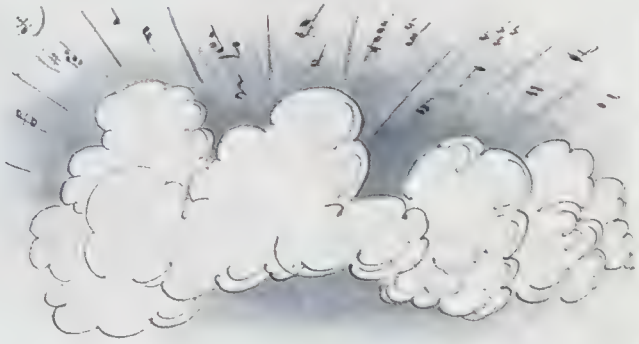

& Make the Welkin ring

With Cheers for All, both Great & Small, & let God save the King.

BY H. M. BATEMAN

A CHRISTMAS JINGLE IN NINE SCENES

"Nothing very electric happened so far," said Rosalie, regarding Tony's curly brown hair without any special feelings of emotion.

"Coming to the club dance to-night?"

Rosalie shook her head.

"Oh, I say, you ought to; it will be great fun."

Great fun! thought Rosalie. Tony's ideas on the subject of fun differed from her's. Some strenuous polo, varied by mild tennis, dances up at the club, regimental guest nights when everybody drank a good deal of champagne and sang songs, social calls—that was his idea of fun. For her part she agreed with Gerald that garrison life was ghastly, and wished she had never come out to spend the winter in South China.

"As a matter of fact I'm doing something much more interesting than going to a dance," she said

"Oh," said Tony, "is it a secret?"

The plant was a secret—a dead secret—but Rosalie was bursting to tell someone, and Tony at any rate was absolutely to be trusted.

"Promise not to tell a soul."

"Promise on my word of honour."

"Well," Rosalie looked round to be sure no one was listening; "I'm going down into the Chinese quarter to see an opium den."

Tony turned on her quickly; his face was grave.

"Who is taking you?"

"Gerald Burney."

"Well, he has no business to; that's all I can say."

Tony's usual amiable grin had left his face; his lips were close shut; the expression in his eyes severe. Rosalie had never seen him look angry before; temper rather suited him.

"It is quite safe," she said.

"It isn't; I know. Look here, I want you to promise me to give this idea up."

Rosalie shook her head; she wasn't going to give up the chance of such a golden adventure for anyone. Besides, how could Tony know it wasn't safe? He spent his whole time fooling about with the European community, for all he knew of affairs in China he might have been at Aldershot.

"Well, I must be going in; it's late." Rosalie got up.

"Look here," Tony stood in front of her; "you are not to go down to the Chinese quarter to-night with Gerald Burney, or anybody else."

"That," said Rosalie, looking at him and secretly liking his demeanour, though she resented his speech, "is my affair. And don't forget you have promised not to tell anyone. I should get into frightful trouble if it was found out. So long!" She went off towards the house.

Tony remained thinking deeply. That she would get into trouble if he told anyone was just the devil of it; otherwise he would have gone straight to Lady Hane, or His Excellency himself, and had the foolish escapade stopped. As it was the only thing to do was to try to find Gerald Burney.

But Gerald was not to be found. Lady Hane had him tied securely by the leg in her boudoir.

Later that evening Gerald and Rosalie set off in rickshaws, ostensibly for the dance at the club, but when they were out of sight of the windows of Government House the coolies were given an order to change direction, and soon they were bowling along the road that leads through the main shopping centre of the town, out along the harbour's edge, to the dark labyrinth of crumbling houses known as the Chinese city.

The bright arc lamps of the main thoroughfare were now replaced by swinging lanterns of orange, green, red and blue; handsome buildings of stone by rickety wooden structures with dark approaches; sometimes the plaintive wail of Chinese music fell on their ears; sometimes the high, nasal, lilting tones of Chinese singing; everywhere the pungent odour of cooking, tobacco smoke, burning joss sticks mingled together in that indefinable smell that betokened the presence of the Chink.

Once they heard a scream, terrible and scarcely earthly, as though some soul had been called upon to face the last torments devised by man. A shiver ran through Rosalie. She remembered Tony's warning. They were a long way now from the European quarter, completely beyond the reach of aid if anything went amiss; were they really safe? However, she would not have let Gerald guess her thoughts for worlds; they had started on the enterprise now, and she meant to see it through.

Presently they came to a building more brightly lit than the others. Four large lanterns over the door lit up a vertical sign painted in scarlet Chinese letters. The coolies stopped, lowered the handles of the little carriages; Gerald jumped out and helped Rosalie from her rickshaw.

"This is the place," he said in an undertone.

For a moment Rosalie hung back. Those stairs looked so dark and mysterious.

"What is it?" she asked.

"An opium and gambling house; belongs to a chap called Ah Wong; come on, we shall be all right; he knows me."

Giving a last backward glance at the rickshaw coolies—surely they could be trusted to wait—Rosalie followed her escort up the stairs.

A Chinaman stood at the top of the stairs; he was plump, and magnificently dressed in a blue, ceremonial, embroidered coat, white trousers, and black brocade shoes. As Gerald approached he bowed low, and addressed him in fair English.

"Welcome! It is an honour to have your distinguished presence in my poor house." Then his eyes fell on Rosalie—little tiny eyes they were, looking out from over the folds of his fat cheeks. A glitter came into them as they lit on Rosalie, and once again she had the queer sensation she had experienced when she heard that terrible scream.

"And this is the most honourable niece of His Excellency?" said Ah Wong.

"Yes; she wanted to see a real opium den."

"So. It shall be; though it would not be well she should talk of the things she sees to her worshipful Uncle, for he has forbidden that we do these things."

"You can trust her."

"Ah! It is a great privilege to meet a charming lady that can also be trusted." Ah Wong bowed low.

Preceding them, he led the way, along a dark passage, to a room filled with people. In the doorway Rosalie was conscious of a faint but heavy smell; it was unlike anything she had smelt before; not caused by tobacco smoke, nor the stale fumes of alcohol, nor the warm bodies of humanity—yet savouring of all these things. Whatever it was, she did not like it and sniffed expressively.

Ah Wong turned blandly to her: "It

is the smell of the flower that brings sleep. Look!" He waved his hand to two tiers of bunks running round the room. In most of them men lay, utterly log-like, with their faces turned to the wall.

Rosalie looked round her, half fascinated, half sickened; there was something singularly unpleasant in the sight of those drugged wrecks of humanity.

"It is not only the Chinese that smoke," continued the proprietor; "English, French, German, Italian—they too come to Ah Wong"; he pointed to a long, lean figure in the rough blue trousers and jersey of a seaman, lying sprawled at full length in a lower bunk As he spoke, the figure stirred, jerked his cap further over his eyes to shade them from the glare, and rolled over so that he faced the room.

"An Englishman!" said Ah Wong.

"Yep! I'm English," growled a voice, "and you're a blasted Chink. Gemme some more dope."

Rosalie stared at the fellow; his clothes were ragged; his face dirt-begrimed as he had left the stokehold of his ship; it was terrible to see an Englishman reduced to such a state.

'Wake up! She shook him more sharply"

Ah Wong motioned them along.

"First I will show to you the Chinese game of Fantan, and afterwards you shall see for yourselves how the opium is smoked."

"You will try a pipe?"

Rosalie shook her head decisively, but Gerald nodded.

"I will; may as well try everything."

"For goodness' sake be careful what you are doing," said Rosalie.

"Oh, one pipe can't hurt anybody Why half the tourists that come out here smoke a pipe of opium for fun."

"One pipe, that is nothing," Ah Wong agreed: "some of my clients that come to me regularly smoke twenty, thirty pipes in the evening. They are quite little, the pipes; see, I will show you how they are prepared."

Ah Wong clapped his hands and two attendants immediately hurried forward; one bore a stool, and the other carried a tray on which the various paraphernalia used for opium smoking were arranged.

Ah Wong motioned Gerald to lie down on a low couch. The attendant bearing the stool then set this down beside him and departed. The other attendant put the tray on the stool, handed Gerald a pipe with a richly carved ivory stem, lit a small lamp, took a fine needle from the tray, dipped it into a pot of brownish, treacly-looking substance, then, holding the needle over the lamp, proceeded to

(Continued on page 761)

The Ghost of a Chance

"NO, MISS—NOTHING FOR YOU!"

BY WILL OWEN

A photographic study by Francis Jay

TEMPTATION

cook the opium. When the opium was ready the attendant packed it into the tiny hole in the bowl of the pipe, and signed to Gerald to hold the pipe over the lamp. This he did, then drew a deep draught of smoke into his lungs.

Ah Wong watched; his expression benevolent and solicitous as of a host offering to his guest his most cherished and venerable port.

Rosalie also watched, half horrified and half thrilled.

"What does it taste like?" she asked. Gerald made a face, and laid down the pipe: "Pretty beastly; I'll never touch the stuff again; not at all sure I'm not going to be sick."

Again Ah Wong clapped his hands, and an attendant hurried forward with a bowl of green tea. Gerald drank the tea gratefully, and lay back with his head on the pillow.

"Ouf! that's better."

Rosalie looked at the door. She felt she had had enough of the place.

"We'd better be going."

"All right—half a minute." Gerald closed his eyes.

Ah Wong grinned. "I think opium make him sick; you let him rest a minute and come and watch Fantan."

"He picked up Rosalie bodily in his arms and made for the stairs"

They went back to the Fantan room. To get there they had to pass the English sailor with the grimy face. He was still lying facing inwards, with his cap pulled over his eyes. Again Rosalie shuddered; it was dreadful to see a fellow countryman in such a place.

She went back to the Fantan room and watched for a while the interminable counting into fours of the little brass discs, then returned to the room where she had left Gerald, Ah Wong accompanying her.

Gerald had apparently dropped asleep, for he was lying flat on his back with his eyes closed.

Rosalie shook his shoulder.

"Come on; wake up. It is time we were moving."

His eyes remained closed; his body was singularly log-like under her touch.

"Wake up!" She shook him more sharply.

He still gave no sign whatever.

"Gerald! GERALD!"

There was now alarm in Rosalie's voice. She turned to Ah Wong.

"What has happened to him?"

Ah Wong took a fan from his sleeve and waved it blandly.

"He sleeps."

"But we must be going; I've got to get home this evening."

"Ah! this evening he will not wake; to-morrow perhaps; perhaps the day after."

"To-morrow! But I must get back to-night. I . . . oh! if they find out I've been here I don't know what will happen."

Her startled eyes swept the room. Round the walls the opium addicts lay log-like in their bunks; in the doorway were Ah Wong's two attendants; from the next room came the ceaseless click of fantan chips. She little liked the idea of going alone through that native quarter, but it was the only thing to do. When she got home she could ring up Tony or someone, and have them send down for Gerald. How could he possibly have been drugged like that by one pipe? Ah Wong had said one pipe would no one hurt.

She moved towards the door.

The two attendants barred her way.

Behind she heard a soft laugh.

"Is not my little flower happy in the house of Ah Wong?"

She turned and faced the Chinaman, her eyes blazing.

"Let me out of here, quick! Do you hear?"

Then, though she stood her ground, Rosalie felt her heart grow as water within her. For Ah Wong was advancing stealthily and lightly as a cat for all his great bulk, his arms outstretched.

Once more Rosalie's eyes swept the room. Gerald lay breathing heavily; the Chinese attendants stood impassive in the doorway; there was not a soul to whom she could turn.

Ah Wong was almost upon her now. She clenched her fists and, closing her eyes, struck up blindly at his hideous face.

What exactly happened after that she was not quite sure. But the impression was as though some great animal had bounded into the room, springing between her and Ah Wong. All she knew was that a moment afterwards Ah Wong lay senseless on the floor, and that the disreputable English sailor was standing over him.

The sailor turned as one of the attendants rushed at him, and crashed his bleeding knuckles into the fellow's face; then turned again and kicked the second attendant savagely in the stomach with his foot.

Then without a word he picked up Rosalie bodily in his arms and made for the stairs.

It was not until they were well down the street that he set her on her feet, propping her against the wall.

"All right?" he asked, taking off his cap and fanning her.

Rosalie stared—that brown curly hair, that cheerful voice. It was Tony—"the jolly ass."

He explained later. He had known no peace since she had told him her plans; he had been sure Gerald would take her to Ah Wong's, so he had gone down to do policeman; didn't want to seem a gooseberry; they might have been mad with him if they found him following; anyway he'd been more use disguised. As for Gerald—no, it wasn't the pipe of opium that had done it. Ah Wong had drugged his tea of course; still, he was a fool to touch anything in a place like that, and a bigger one to take a girl down there. Oh, yes, he'd be all right there for a bit; Ah Wong wouldn't dare touch a white man now it was known where he'd last been seen. But he'd better tell the police and have them go and rescue him.

"I should leave him where he is," said Rosalie, who was thoroughly annoyed.

"Certainly not," said Tony firmly. "By jove, you'd be a nice one to go tiger shooting with," he added, softening the reproach with a kiss.

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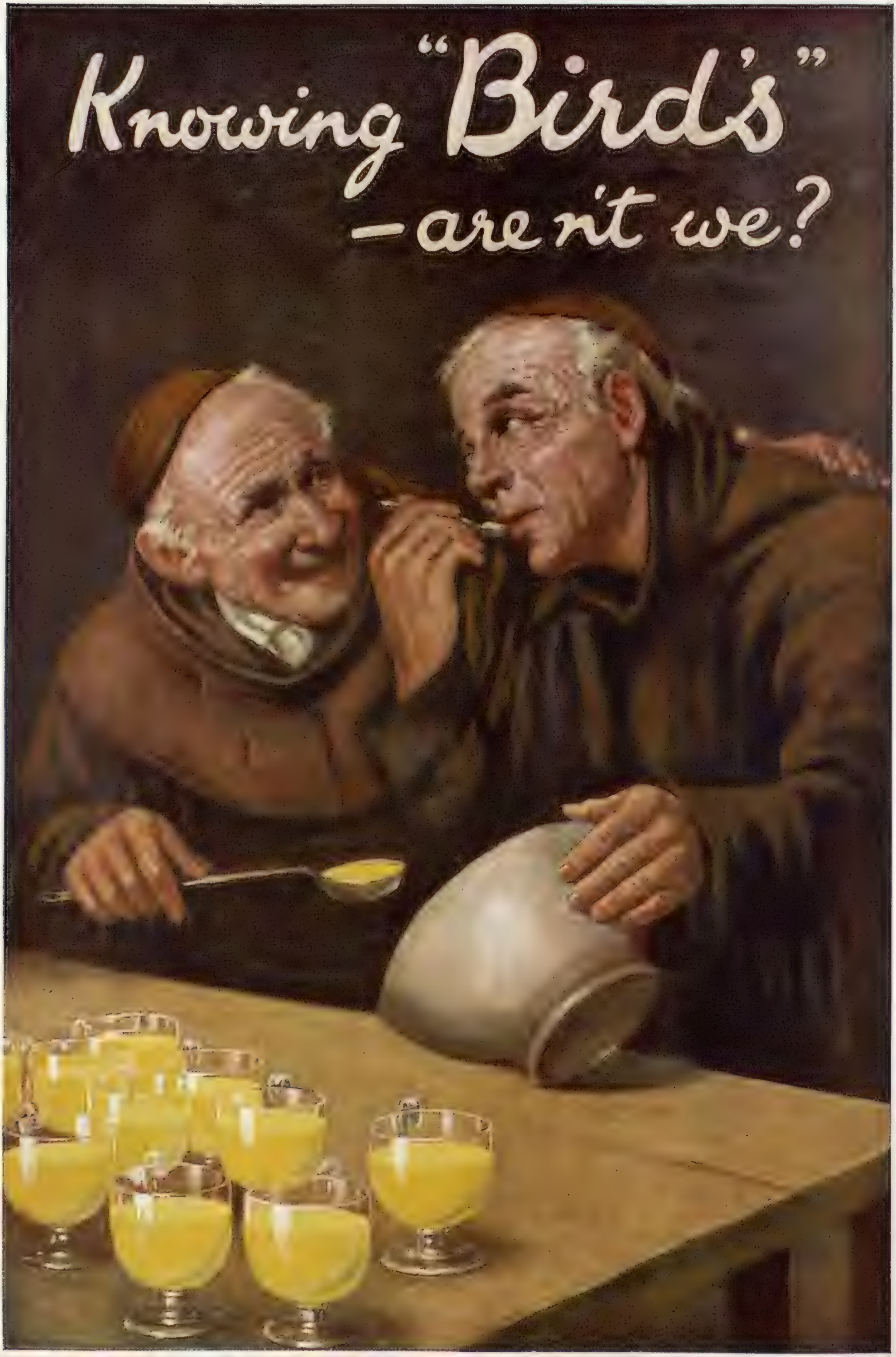

Knowing "Bird's"
—are n't we?

A MISTLETOE-BOUT

By A. G. GREENWOOD *Illustrations by ALBERT BAILEY*

"REMEMBER that old dower-chest in the dining-room?" puffed Albert, squinting at the fire. "Well, I've sold it to old Kempson for ninety-six guineas."

He pronounced the sum as though he mentioned eight dozen stout.

There, if only the old person had not weighed eighteen stone, you might have had Albert Blythe in a nutshell. Deals are all he thinks about, but, I put it to you, how could he possibly expect any man, frightfully in love, to be interested in the sale of a mouldy old chest?

To get the hang of it you'll have to remember that I answer to the name of Edgar Cooper. The Coopers, you know (at least, I expect you know), have been *the* people at Brinstead since Mrs. Noah bought a chubby.

Albert Blythe, my neighbour, carries too much under his belt and too little in his pockets. Not only does he speculate on stocks and so forth, but he also buys up old furniture, pictures, etc., and trades them at a huge profit to cans.

Cans are mugs made of tin, I understand.

I wasn't a customer in antiques. No. But Albert Blythe also had a ward—no relation, thank the powers—a cherubic damsel, Dulcie, the toppingest ever. I was keen. Albert, the guardian, was keen. But Dulcie was slightly blunt.

There was a hulking ass, Harry Anderson, a three-quarter (and he was more than life size!) in the Spartan "rugger" XV, one of those slap-you-on-the-back, healthy, hearty fellows of no interest whatever. He pestered Dulcie no end, everybody knew.

That's the hang. Albert Blythe had asked me to look in and see him a week before Christmas, and we were sitting in the hall by a huge log-fire.

I put it to you that nobody could have dragged a man out of his warm house (even a limousine's draughty, you know) simply to tell him he'd sold a bally oak chest.

So "Well?" I prompted him.

It came out. Dulcie had been decorating the church. Harry Anderson, being six-foot, was useful for fixing evergreens in inaccessible places. If they'd stopped at laurel all would have been well. Besides, mistletoe in the vestry's all wrong. Anyway, Albert Blythe had overheard and overseen.

"A kiss under the mistletoe's not a thing a man makes a song and dance about," breathed Albert, "but it didn't stop at that. They've fixed up to meet at that charity Fancy Dress Ball affair on Christmas Eve after all. I forbade her to go to it, so Dulcie's to pretend to go to bed early with a headache and slip out later on. Anderson's going to wait for her with his motor-bike in the sunk lane. He's managed to coax a rich old uncle to come to the ball. He told Dulcie that if the uncle could only see her, he'd twine himself like a vine round her little finger. It appears the uncle could get young Anderson a job in London."

"Dulcie, the toppingest ever"

Anderson in London is fifty-four miles (by road) less obnoxious than Anderson in Brinstead.

"Topping!" I ejaculated.

"If that's how you look at it, well and good," grunted Albert. "Directly he gets a job he'll marry Dulcie by hook or by crook."

To sell yesterday's table as the one used to sign Magna Charta on, you naturally have to be a bit cunning. I see no further through a brick wall than you do. Albert Blythe does. He squints a bit, as I've said. Maybe, that's given his gaze an X-ray quality.

It didn't take us long to tumble to the necessity of keeping Dulcie safe at home on Christmas Eve.

"By the way, where is she?" I asked, glancing round.

"Out," said Albert. "Well, we've got to keep her here. And I know how to do it. You come and stay with us over Christmas. I'll ask all her Sunday School class in on the afternoon of Christmas Eve. Suddenly I'll invite 'em all to stay to supper." He sighed drearily and added:

"It'll be a bit of an expense, though."

Of course, I offered to foot that. I also guaranteed to be present myself and not let Dulcie out of my sight for one second.

It became a sort of bout between Anderson and me. And Anderson, being merely avoirdupois, seemed obviously whacked. I had him. Brains, I put it to you, do tell.

We'll canter on. On the afternoon of Christmas Eve, I rolled up and played Blind Man's Buff with the Sunday School class, all bright and shining, also General Post, The Family Coach, Musical Chairs, Spinning the Trencher, and a shade under a million other

(All rights strictly reserved)

games. Tea got tucked away under sashes. Belts laboured. Everybody congratulated Albert Blythe on the glorious tea and the beauty of my Christmas Tree. Snap-dragon made its blazing appearance.

Then suddenly Albert invited everybody to stay to supper.

Dulcie looked the picture—a most pretty picture, too—of surprise.

"She's done in," said Albert as we put in a hasty cocktail. "But keep your weather eye on her. I've mine."

I nearly said "Which?" It just shows how careful one has to be. Not making jibes, however apt, on people's infirmities, is, I put it to you, the hall-mark of a sahib.

Well, I sat next to Dulcie at the top table, where we fed a bit better. There's no shadow of doubt about our putting in a bit of a flirtation. My pump pressed her foot between the sole and the *entrée*—at least, I believe so, though afterwards there was a doubt in my mind about a stool.

The meal done, when Dulcie's headache was about due, I became links-like—hooked on that means, I take it. Narrowly watching someone like Dulcie would excite an oyster. I loved her frightfully that evening.

Games started again, then dancing. The evening wore on, as the literary say. Then Dulcie suggested Hide and Seek.

Albert caught my eye with his weather one. I followed Dulcie, as the lights were switched out in the rooms, like a shadow she hadn't got.

Well, we hid about and I captured Dulcie's hand behind the dining-room curtains when the catcher was in the room and she couldn't very loudly even pretend to mind.

"I'd like to hide here for ever," I whispered, when the catcher had passed on.

"Whatever for?" she asked.

"To be so near you," I said. "To feel we were in a world of our own. I'd give you the loveliest furs and frocks ——"

"Oh, but Mr. Cooper," she protested, "they wouldn't be much use if a girl was always in a dark room hidden behind curtains!"

"Bunkered!" I said. "But, seriously, I'd take you all round the world to show you and your loveliness off. I'd be so proud of you. You'd have the finest jewels and cars and ——"

"D'you think that's all girls marry for?" she asked.

"It's the haul most girls marry for," I answered rather neatly, I put it to you. "Love, when you're cold and shabby and hungry, wears a bit thin. I'd give you the time of your life."

In the silence that followed, I heard a bell ring somewhere. Dulcie's fingers were suddenly laid very lightly on my arm.

"It's—it's such a huge thing for a girl to decide," she whispered. "It's all my life, isn't it? No—don't come. Just let me think it all over. Just wait. I want to be alone."

I've said the room was in darkness, but there was a light at the far end of the hall. The doorway was faintly lit up, and no one could come in or out unseen. All the windows were shuttered Dulcie slipped silently away. If she had tried to leave the room, I'd have followed. She didn't.

Well, I got myself caught a minute later. It was guile, for I became a sentinel, smoking a cigarette by the dining-room door. A cold draught blew. By the open front door stood Albert. In his hand he held a slip of paper so lovingly that I guessed it was a cheque.

"Right you are," he said, and in tramped four removal-men.

It was Kempson after his mouldy old chest, Albert explained. Not Kempson in person, of course, but four old grey-beards in shirt-sleeves and green-baize aprons They tramped in like under-

(*Continued on page 84*)

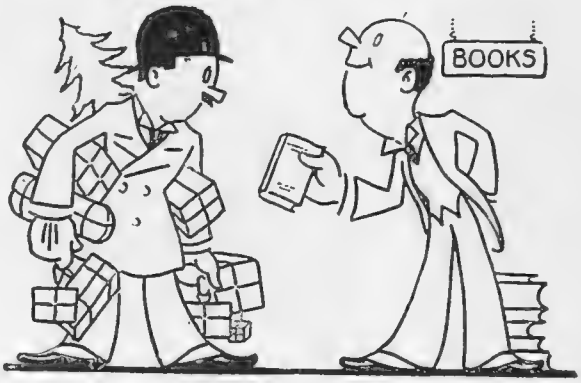
"Mistletoe in the vestry's all wrong"

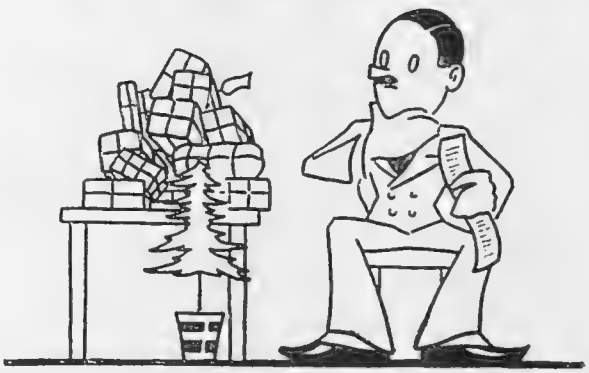
Things to buy
In every shop;
Dolls that squeak,
Guns that pop.

Gollies, Soldiers,
Men-of-war,
Grown-up books by
Bernard Shaw.

Sixteen presents
(What's been missed?
There's seventeen
upon my list!)

Betty's dolly,
Teddy's gun . .
Oh Great Scott!
My Worthington!





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THE TRYST

BY HELEN MCKIE

takers. On went the dining-room lights and I saw Dulcie's little snake-skin shoes protruding underneath the curtains of the further window. I tip-toed in and stood within a foot of her.

Out stumped the johnnies with the chest. Out, too, went the lights. Silently I crept behind the curtains next Dulcie.

"Sweet," I began, "I'm not going to badger you, but I do want you just to listen. As you know, there's The Manor here and the house in Eaton Square, the hunting-box at Melton, the little place in Scotland, the villa at Beaulieu. You'd queen it in every one of 'em. I'd give you every single bally thing you expressed a wish for."

'We discovered Dulcie seated with an old chap with silver hair'

She didn't answer. I put it to you that silence being, in a measure, as much as saying "Carry on" I was justified in adding:

"I'll buy you anything you like. You couldn't possibly be the wife of a poor man. You'd be absolutely wasted. Fancy you pinching and screwing as—as Mrs. Anderson, for instance." I expected a reproach at that. I felt frightfully bucked at hearing none.

"He's just brawn. He'll never get on. Besides, he's not fit to grovel at your feet. I dare say you didn't hear about that girl at the White Hart ——"

I put it to you that all's fair in love and war. Otherwise I wouldn't have drawn on my imagination for worlds. I drew a bit and, as she still didn't answer, I stretched out my hand. I groped. I found emptiness. I clutched wildly about at nothing. She wasn't there. A moment later, with the lights blazing, I picked up her empty shoes. She had obviously slipped away while I whispered.

I dashed out. I found Albert in the hall still making love to Kempson's cheque for the ninety-six guineas. I blurted out my discovery. He looked flabbergasted.

"She slipped away while I was talking to her," I said, "and simply left her shoes behind."

Albert, in a fury, ransacked the house and questioned everybody.

"She's at that dance!" he ejaculated, at last. "It's your fault! You swore you'd not let her out of your sight! Get your car out and we'll follow."

We did. We discovered Dulcie seated with an old chap with silver hair. Albert, his eyes looking every which way for Sunday, waddled up to her.

"I've just heard the good news, Mr. Blythe," said the silver-haired chap. "I'm Sir Philip Anderson, Harry's uncle. I commend his choice. Your ward's most charming. I'm finding Harry a job in my candle works, and I hope they'll be married early in the New Year."

Albert blustered. Albert blew. The silver-haired Sir Philip—don't know why they made him a Knight-light—looked on a bit superciliously.

I said nothing; there seemed nothing much to say.

"Well, I'm ——," puffed Albert, retreating with me and told the truth, I don't doubt. "You don't deserve a wife! You'd never keep a wife anyhow if you can't even look after a girl for fifteen minutes! But how she got out of the house beats me. I was on the watch, too. I ——"

"My hat!" I ejaculated. "Look!"

A removal-man fox-trotted by with a Columbine. Another removal-man was visible dancing with a Dog-rose. A third I pointed out by the door. I recognised him, a hulking pal of Harry Anderson's—one of the Spartan three-quarter line.

A light dawned before we saw the fourth. He was taking off his sham grey beard in the cloak-room as we passed by. The face underneath was Harry Anderson's.

"We've the lorry here, Kempson," I heard him say. "The old chest is quite safe. We'll deliver it at your house all right to-night, as we promised."

"Don't forget that I know nothing about the affair," said old Kempson. "I merely accepted your offer to fetch the chest. But—er—you succeeded?"

"Splendidly!" said Harry. "She hid in it. Like the mistletoe-bough yarn, you know, and we four three-quarters carried her out in it. Everything's fixed up. Thank goodness, Dulcie overheard old Blythe and that worm plotting. By the way, there's about a dozen cushions in the chest, d'you mind returning them?"

A. G. G.

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The Man who forgot

By RAYMOND COWARD

Illustrated by WARWICK REYNOLDS

"I SUPPOSE," said Piggott, in his nervous, tentative way, "that a man's face is, to a certain extent, an index to his character."

"Index to fiddlesticks," rejoined Craig, rather rudely. "That sort of thing is on a par with astrology, and palmistry, and a woman's instinct—unscientific balderdash!"

He depressed the lever of the soda-water syphon vigorously, as if he were effectually drowning the other's argument.

Piggott flushed a little and remained silent. For a friend of Craig's he was a little too sensitive. The rest of us—Morgan, Grayson, and myself—were too accustomed to Craig's explosive dogmatism to be impressed by it or to take offence at it. The thin, deliberate voice of Morgan, indeed, was already challenging Craig, a rapier against his bludgeon.

"Too sweeping to be—er—scientific, Craig. Characteristics do reveal themselves in the face. The long-continued practice of a certain vice or a certain virtue, for instance, invariably affects the lineament of the face. Apart from that, there is the fact of physiognomical expression. The expressions of greed, love, hate, arrogance, and so on, are the same all the world over, and may be recognised immediately they appear."

Piggott blinked gratefully behind his bi-focal spectacles at Morgan.

"Ah, 'when they appear,'" repeated Craig slowly. "Exactly what I am driving at. They *don't* appear. Not in our ultra-civilised communities. We all wear poker faces. From the day we are born all our primitive impulses are constrained by laws and the fear of consequences, and so we forget we have them. Yet all the time those impulses and emotions are just the same as those which sent our forefathers growling and fighting and killing through the primeval swamps. We've still got 'em, although we may not think so. They're lying doggo, that's all. And that's why I say: What does the average man really know of the fellow he meets at his office, or at his club, or on holiday? What did we know about Jameson before he killed his wife with a carpenter's chisel? In fact, I've known everybody here long enough to ask, without offence, what do you really know about me, or I about you?"

"If you want to know anything about me, Craig, old man," said Grayson, hoarsely and bucolically, "I don't mind telling you I'm as dry as the British Museum."

We laughed, and Craig pushed the whisky decanter towards the burly tea-broker. Grayson made no secret of his aversion for all conservation that bordered on what he termed the "highbrow." His brick-red face shone duskily now with the heat of the night. It was too hot, indeed, for any discussion to be pursued with energy. We sat in a half-circle, the doors before us opening wide on to the brick loggia which extends along the western side of Craig's house. A yellow slip of a moon balanced on the black branch of a cedar tree at the bottom of the garden, an illusion which I longed to see destroyed. A movement among the black shapes and shadows of the trees, and perhaps I should feel the cool benediction of a breeze upon my perspiring face. But the scene remained as immobile as a painted nocturne, and the very wish shrivelled.

Through the haze of smoke which hung about us I could see Piggott listening to the rich, turgid voice of Grayson, who was a noted, or notorious, raconteur of Rabelaisian anecdotes. It was obvious that Piggott was torn between a feeling of disgust and a nervous desire to be friendly. A smile struggled ingratiatingly upon his face—a face which, without being actually weak, yet bore no scorings of deep physical or mental experience. A type, I thought, that is essentially a product of the city, negative, unassertive, a weathercock to every gust of emotion and opinion that blows about it.

Of the others, I could say that I knew Grayson for a man who was welcomed everywhere as a "thundering good sort." Morgan was a physicist, and played golf scientifically. Craig, our host, was a man of intense physical energy. He had dipped deeply into the variety of experience which life grants to a man possessed of both health and wealth. He was, consequently, always dissatisfied.

My languid speculations were interrupted by the ringing of the telephone bell in the hall.

Craig got up ponderously, and went out of the room. The doors into the hall were open, and his voice reached us in a series of deep, staccato barks. Presently a tinkle proclaimed the replacement of the receiver.

"Gibson!" called Craig, loudly.

The conversation which followed between Craig and his man was to be heard by us all quite distinctly.

"Where are Cook and Polly, Gibson?"

"They are sleeping in the village tonight, if you remember, sir."

"You are here by yourself? Very well. Now listen carefully. Doctor Weyland's gorilla has escaped. The doctor has just rung up and warned me that it is possible the brute is in our garden. He has posted four men round the place, but he doesn't want to commence a search until daylight. It's an exceptionally ferocious animal, by the way, Gibson. You understand the position?"

"Perfectly, sir."

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Craig returned, and Grayson appeared to emerge from a stupor.

"Good God!" he exclaimed.

"I heard the thing howling as I drove by this morning," said Piggott, a little breathlessly. "It was hideous! Made me feel as though I'd suddenly been dropped into the jungle, you know."

"Who is this fellow Weyland?" demanded Grayson.

"Zoologist, eh, Morgan?"

"One of the most famous in England. He keeps a small collection in his grounds, but his speciality is the anthropoid apes."

"Dam' scandalous," grunted Grayson. "Fellow ought never to be allowed to do it in a residential neighbourhood."

Piggott gazed into the garden, his eyes round and solemn. Morgan puffed away calmly enough at his pipe, with the rationalist's disdain for excitement.

"Now listen carefully. Dr. Weyland's gorilla has escaped"

But the convivial atmosphere of our little party was disturbed. The possibility of a large and vicious gorilla being at large in the vicinity of a rather secluded house was not a pleasant one.

Once I noticed Craig glance unobtrusively at each of us in turn. The queer idea entered my head that he was still thinking of the recent discussion. The circumstances now were certainly nearer akin to those primitive conditions which he seemed to think would lead us all to startling and unexpected disclosures of our real identities. But it was too absurd! Perhaps it was the intense heat, but I felt annoyed at the vagaries of my own imagination.

The branch of the cedar tree was now slightly above the crescent moon, not unlike a long black arm outstretched to grasp it . . .

Grayson had been fidgeting for some time, and now rose to go. He declined Craig's invitation to stay the night, and after taking a final and rather stiff drink he bade us good-night.

As Gibson closed the hall door behind him Piggott said, rather timidly, "I suppose Grayson will be all right?"

"Why not?" said Craig with some surprise. "You don't think this pet of Weyland's will be waiting outside the door for him? The only thing I'm worrying about is whether the gate is open at the end of the drive. Grayson will go at such a deuce of a lick."

No sooner had he spoken than, simultaneously, we all rose to our feet. Out in the garden somewhere there had been a crash.

We were still staring foolishly into the darkness when a chair shot across the loggia, and Grayson staggered through the doorway and fell into our arms. There was blood on his ashy cheeks.

We got him into a chair, where he sat with a sagging head, muttering "Oh, my God!"

Curiously enough, at such times it is a triviality that will recall a man to his normal self. Piggott had poured some brandy into a glass, but his hand shook so as he held it to the tea-broker's pallid lips that nearly half of it spilled down the front of the latter's white shirt.

At once Grayson uttered an exclamation of annoyance, and, sitting up, recovered his composure quickly enough. He told us what had happened.

He had just bent down to crank up his car when a large black shape had swung from a tree on one side of the drive and dropped into a bed of geraniums a few yards away. Startled and, as we surmised, a little panic-stricken, he had turned, slipped and fallen, his face striking a wing of the car. That was all. He had not been pursued. He had heard no sound from the thing that had dropped from on high. Morgan shot me a glance that was frankly sceptical. But Craig was loading a heavy service Webley that he had taken from a bureau.

Time passed. Morgan and Craig began a desultory wrangle over some obscure point in Huxley's essay, "On the Manlike Apes," but after a time it fizzled out and we sat in silence. A piece of court-plaster on Grayson's cheek gave him a ludicrous appearance. The shadows in the garden grew more grotesque than ever.

The clock struck the half-hour. Piggott gave a loud gasp which drew our attention to him.

He was grinning, but his face was very pale. All of us, I knew, felt a slight contempt for him, mingled possibly with a little pity.

"I thought I heard something," he said, apologetically. "A sort of a noise, you know."

"Pooh," said Morgan. "You're getting neurotic, Piggott."

Of course, we all tried hard not to listen, or to appear as if we were listening. Inevitably we did hear something — a series of soft bumps seeming to come from above our heads.

Gibson appeared in the doorway so unexpectedly that Piggott jumped in his seat. We all gazed at him fixedly.

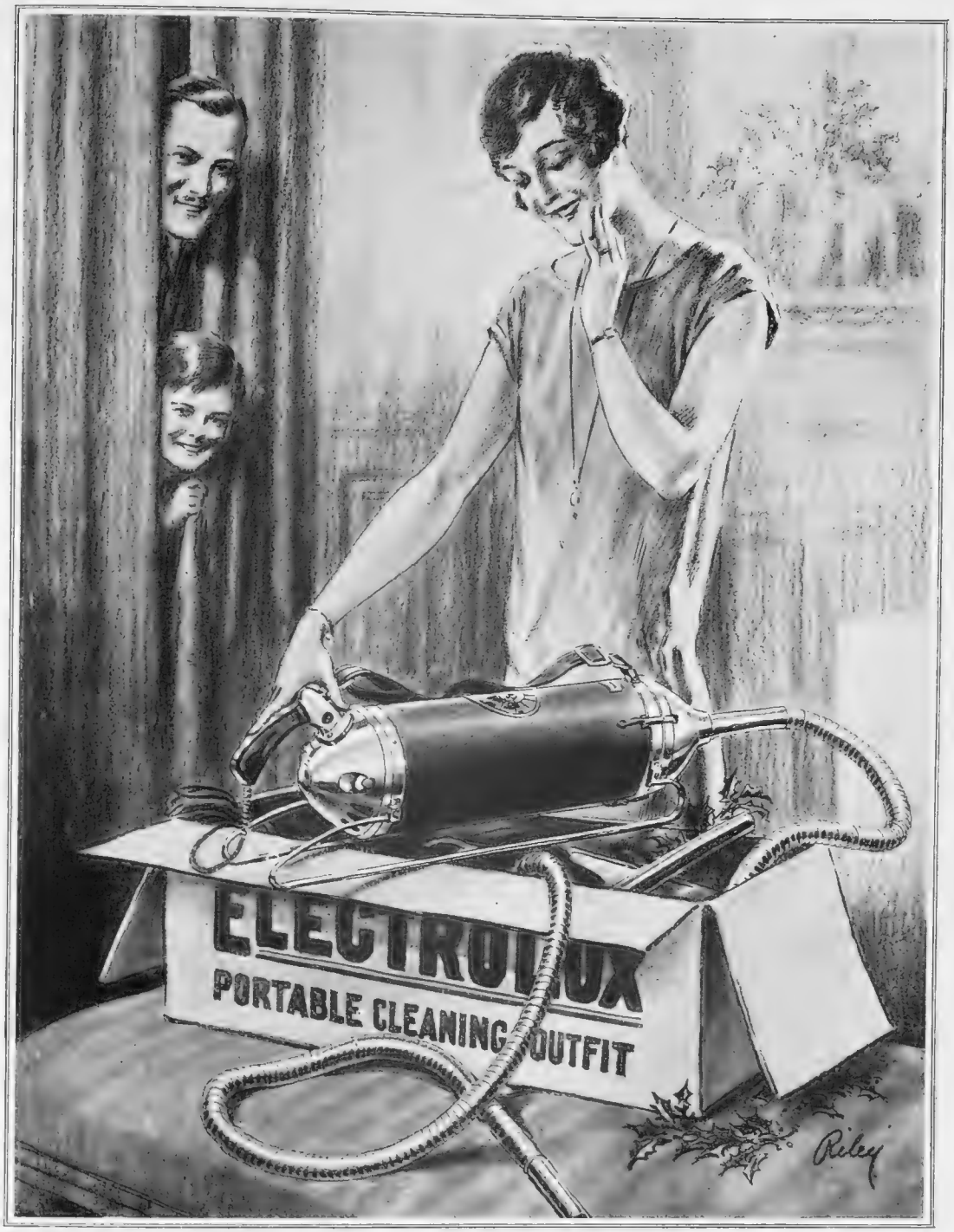
"Is there anybody upstairs, Gibson?" asked Craig, quietly.

Gibson's mouth framed words which we never heard. A muffled rumbling sound swelled up somewhere in the house and increased to a reverberating roar, so loud and awesome that Grayson put fingers to his ears.

"Those men!" he screamed. "Send for those men of Weyland's, Craig. They'll have guns!"

Craig made an irritable gesture, and picked up the revolver. Gibson slipped

(Continued on page 90)



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into the room and took up a position near Grayson, upon whom the presence of a servant seemed to have a calming influence.

We all became strangely still. Peculiar shuffling sounds continued to emanate from the direction of the staircase, which rose from the hall at its further end. The hall itself was in darkness, and it did not seem to occur to anybody to press the electric switch just outside the doorway.

At the far end of the hall stood a tall cupboard with a bevelled mirror from which a pale rectangle of light was reflected. The bottom stair creaked, and for a fraction of a second this shimmer of light was obliterated, as though a shape or shadow had passed before it.

Then a bowler hat shot out of the darkness and rolled along the floor to Piggott's feet.

He shied violently away from it. The rest of us saw no humour in the action, but Piggott himself gave a little throaty cackle which he stifled quickly with twitching fingers.

As if in answer, there was a low growl, and the gorilla appeared in the doorway.

A queer scene we must have presented in that instant. Piggott was perched on the edge of his chair, his hands clenched and his eyes full of fright; Grayson quailed visibly; Morgan sat primly with his finger tips together; Gibson, although pale, was still the perfect butler; and before us, like the figures in a bizarre tableau, stood Craig and the gorilla.

"Then, with a wild cry, he sprang at the gorilla with naked hands"

Craig had risen when the ape appeared in the doorway, and now stood facing it with the revolver in his right hand. His stooping attitude was not unsimilar to that of the gorilla's, and there was hardly more than four paces between them.

The ferocious face of the gorilla, with its great hairy superciliary arches above the bright eyes, the tusk-like teeth and the slavering lower lip, affected me with a sensation of nausea. But a still greater feeling of horror seized me at what followed.

Craig dropped the revolver!

I felt Morgan grip my arm. The room was full of the panic of the unknown. The huge bulk of Craig was bending lower, and still lower . . .

Then, with a wild cry, he sprang at the gorilla with naked hands.

Everything that happened after that is dimmed in my memory with the unreality which attaches to moments of convulsive excitement. I have a recollection of the gorilla rearing up with a piercing yell—the pushing over of chairs and tables—Grayson swearing, and Piggott crying "My God!"—and the air full of a hot, animal smell.

Then somebody leapt forward and became as one with the struggling man and beast. There was a report. Craig was flung at our feet. In the smoke which filled the doorway, a great brown body lay beating out its death agony with blows which shook the house.

* * * * *

"What do you think happened?" I asked Morgan later, as we stood on the landing outside Craig's bedroom. Craig's injuries were serious, but, in the circumstances, it was a matter for thankfulness that they were no worse.

The white-haired scientist pondered, eyeing me keenly.

"I don't know," he replied at length. I might theorise — atavism, a lapse of the acquired faculties — reversion . . . things I have never really believed in; but really I don't know. Craig never knew, and he will not remember. I'm certain of that. It will be for us to tell him what happened. You understand?"

I nodded. Whatever we told Craig, he would never know that he fought a beast—as a beast.

At the foot of the stairs we met Grayson. The same thought sprang to both our minds.

"Who fired the revolver?" exclaimed Morgan.

"Great snakes," said the tea-broker. "Didn't you see? It was Piggott. I've left him with Gibson. Oh, no, he's not hurt—just a little nausea, you know."

R. C.

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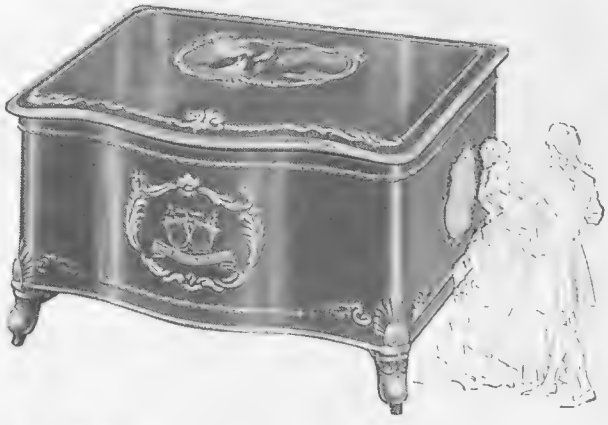

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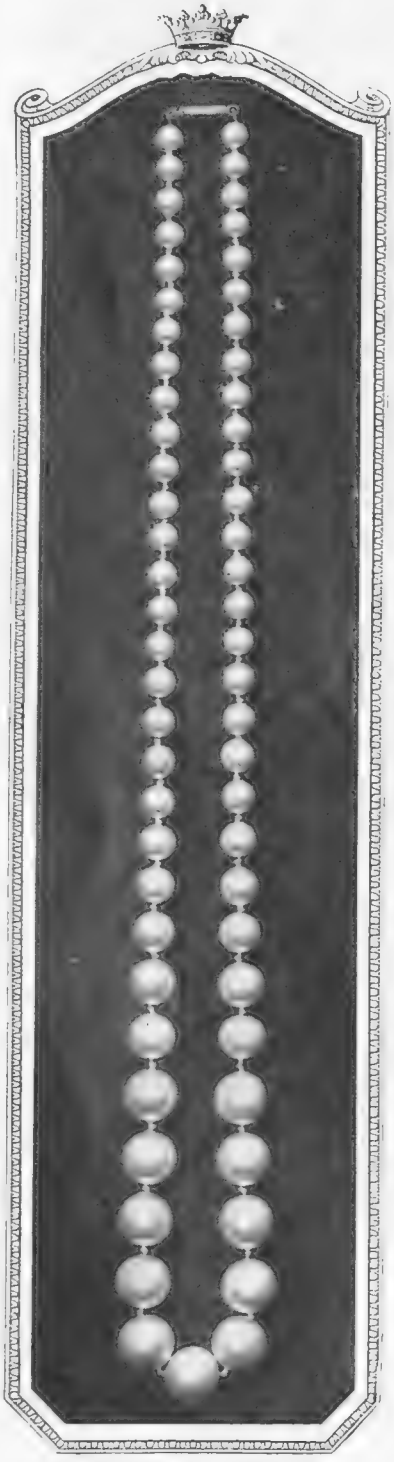

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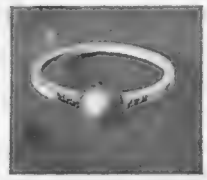

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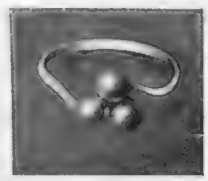

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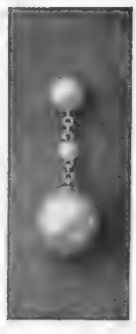

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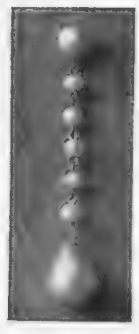

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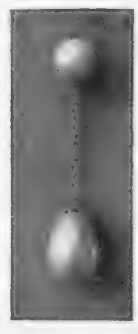

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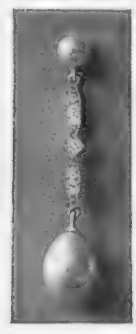

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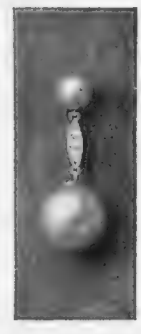

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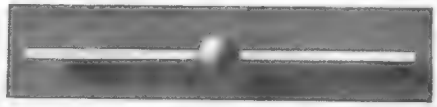

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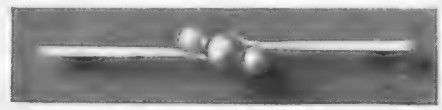

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The Pathetic Touch

By PRUDENCE O'SHEA *Illustrated by* RICHARD CHARLES

FAINT brownish clouds were forming sluggishly in the sky, presaging snow; but Melanie didn't notice. People rose from their seats and, drawing their coats about them, hurried from the Park. The last horseman cantered off. But Melanie didn't notice. She quite jumped when she heard someone address her.

"You seem very preoccupied," the voice said.

Melanie looked up. A tall man wearing a fur coat stood before her. He was carefully, even fastidiously dressed; his face was long, pale, and intellectual; his hair, silver. As though she woke from a dream, Melanie looked about her at the deserted park.

"And I think we're in for a bad snowstorm," the other said.

Melanie quickened "Oh, but that's splendid!" she said, and as the other looked at her added, "You see . . I'm worried to death. Here it is . . . November, and I was supposed to have a Christmas story sent off quite a month ago. They keep worrying me about it. But I haven't an idea in my head. Not a *new* idea. And the summer's been so perfect, how could I write about holly and carols when, every time I looked down at my typewriter, I saw a line of freckles along my nose?"

"How *could* you?" the tall man echoed sympathetically.

"So if it snows," Melanie went on, "I may feel more like it."

They both looked at the sky.

Melanie made a gesture and the tall man sat upon the seat beside her. She said, in her friendly manner: "You see . . . they're paying me awfully well, but they want something . . . *different*. Well, I'm known for my pathetic stories. Somehow I just can't get away from the pathetic touch. The catch in the throat . . . the faded fan . . . the withered rosebud. It isn't any good! My friends come to me and say, "Oh, Melanie child! I heard such a pathetic story, to-day. They seem to collect haunting tragedies from life, for me. I do myself very well out of it, of course, but . . . once in a way . . . I would rather like something with a smack on the back about it."

"The tall man sat upon the seat beside her"

The tall man said thoughtfully that he understood perfectly, and Melanie glanced at him sideways, covertly. "Now he," she thought, "is rather a pet!" Her eyes travelled from his silk hat, past the fur collared coat, down to the correct and almost new boots. "*You* tell me something!" she said.

"I?" he echoed dreamily. And paused. "Yes . . . perhaps I could help."

He considered a moment and then said: "Well . . . I am Viscount Clatsford, eldest son of the Earl of M——. My father, the ninth earl, wrote *Hunting, Breeding, Legislation*, which you may or may not have come across in the course of your reading. *Homer and His Successors in Epic Poetry* was also his. Like many families similarly placed, we experienced financial depression. I left the Household Cavalry and went into the City. I was successful. I am now managing director of about twenty businesses . . . but I won't bore you with that I was able to open the place in Scotland again and restore "High Hills" in Meathshire. I filled the stables and protected the timber."

"Lucky man!" Melanie breathed.

"But wait!" the other exclaimed. "On the face of it you would, I suppose, think me fortunate. But . . . I have a daughter and am a widower. My daughter is life itself to me."

"Yes?"

"Here we come to the rift in the lute

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An unmitigated scoundrel is trying to persuade her to run away with him. I know him to be a cad and a fortune hunter. Last night we reached the point of finding a packet of heroin tablets in my daughter's room, which accounts for the sudden fits of melancholy which I have noticed in her lately."

The tall man leaned his forehead on his hand.

"How *awful!*" Melanie whispered.

The other sighed. "Yes. The thing is . . . what stand must I take? If I thrash the man . . . think of the publicity; and at all costs I must protect my daughter from that—now. If I don't thrash him he may run away with her, which would be worse. I came in here to think it out . . ."

His face was lined and full of trouble; his fine, dark eyes, brooding.

"I can't *tell* you how sorry I am." Melanie said.

A flake of snow fell upon her hand. "Look!" she cried. The sky had opened and, half-heartedly, dejectedly, a slight white coating had settled upon tree tops. The park keeper was stacking chairs up and scowling, blowing into his hands.

Viscount Clatsford rose to his feet. He said, "Well . . . there's the beginning of a story for you. I trust you to disguise any names I may have mentioned."

"Of course . . . of course. But I want to hear the end from you. I want to see vice vanquished and virtue triumphant."

Clatsford shook his head. He said: "No . . . you must provide the end yourself. Make it robust and hearty. The wedding in the country church . . . the honest blessings of the servants as they stir the Christmas puddings. But . . . ," he smiled charmingly into her face, "You look happier anyhow. I don't like to see pretty people downcast."

"Oh, I am!" Melanie cried. "I'm not!"

They shook hands then, and parted.

* * * * *

A week later Melanie was waiting at the Leicester Square underground for a friend to go shopping with her. A quarter of an hour passed; then half an hour. Melanie was very cold. She had lunched, but decided that a cup of hot coffee would refresh and warm her.

"At the next table, sunk in a reverie, sat Viscount Clatsford"

She entered the first tea-shop she saw, which happened to be a bleak place with marble topped tables and haughty, plain waitresses. Melanie sat down.

She drew off her gloves and reached for the menu, but it was soiled and splashed with tea. She shuddered and sat stiffly until a waitress approached for her order.

She looked about her. On all sides there were specimens of weedy humanity; characterless flotsam and jetsam. Then . . . she jumped! For at the next table, sunk in a reverie, sat the eldest son of the Earl of M——, Viscount Clatsford. And he was eating an oval bun with sugar on the top and drinking a cup of cocoa.

He had not seen her and Melanie was able to observe the great desolation which spread itself across his grey face. His eyes stared unseeingly at the marble topped table with its little puddles of cold tea. He stirred his cocoa rhythmically and slowly, with the dull, humble patience of some very old horses. He wore no overcoat, and his shoulders in the worn serge suit, drooped.

He looked up, saw her, and flushed.

Melanie crossed to his table.

"What are you doing here?" she asked kindly, for his unhappiness wounded her.

He answered desperately: "Dining."

They were silent. Melanie did not like to mention the story, which, indeed, was still unfinished.

He said . . . of his own accord . . . out of the black abyss of his thoughts:

"Here's the end. You needn't bother to make one up. All that I told you the other day was true . . . in a way. I *was* Viscount Clatsford. I had been engaged by a foreign syndicate to play the part for a three years' tour of the Colonies. The pay was good and the countries we were going to were . . . *warm!*" He said the word as though it were the divine presence of God Himself. He shivered.

"I bought those clothes you saw me in to rehearse and also to act in. My wife and daughter were very pleased . . . you may be sure. I had made arrangements with a building society to build them a little house with a garden in the country where they could live and rest . . . God help them! . . . until I got back. The society was waiting for my first instalment which I hoped to get from the tour's manager in the form of an advance on my salary.

He looked blankly at his cocoa.

"Well . . . the syndicate was a bogus affair. There was *no* tour . . . *no* salaries!"

Melanie said nothing for she was filled with a profound pity.

"Well . . . I pledged the clothes for necessities and here I am back again, looking for work. So are my wife and daughter. But the pantomimes are all in rehearsal now. . . ."

He looked drearily through the glass door into the street.

"I don't quite know what I shall do," he said.

Then he laughed bitterly. "But you see . . . you can't get away from the pathetic touch!"

P. O'S.

FROM the sunny bathrooms of English homes, across the world to the far outposts of the Empire —wherever Englishmen have carried with them English customs and English institutions, the morning glass of ENO has been for over fifty years a golden rule of sensible and successful living.

ENO'S FRUIT SALT

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AFTER THE BALL.

Don't get tired
– drink BOVRIL

"IT'S A WISE CHILD——!" BY STAN TERRY

THE GOOD OLD DAYS.

"Back to Merrie England"

Written & illustrated by D'EGVILLE

THE longer I live and the more I see the more I am convinced that there is something after all in what the old people say about the good old days. This conviction is supported by the almost certain knowledge that at least they could not possibly have been worse than ours.

When we reflect that thousands of our fellow-men are daily compelled to support themselves by means of straps in our public vehicles, that a railway refreshment room is always closed when most needed—that is to say, late at night and in the early hours of the morning; that beer costs twice as much and is half as strong; and that queueing has become a regular part of our daily life, it does seem that the days before all these things must have been better at least in these ways.

Pre-war beer was, I am told, a beverage to be reckoned with. People who drank beer before the Boer War tell me that a couple of half-pints would knock a man senseless; while an aunt of mine who knew Napoleon tells me that the mere sniff of the stuff would render a battalion irresistible. But experiments which I have made with the post-war stuff—in the interests of science solely, of course—have failed to produce even a desire to knock down Nelson's Column with less than five pints, and nothing less than a couple of hogsheads would produce that energy and light-hearted spirit which is so necessary when throwing a policeman through a shop window.

And take the port wine of the time of the Iron Duke. Everyone, I am told, finished up under the table. And what more delightful end could there be to a dinner? The stiff and uncomfortable attitudes which we are compelled to adopt at the present time all through the dinner party are not to be compared with those jolly evenings under the table.

"Throwing a policeman through a shop window"

"Do the fox-trot"

No one who has attempted the foolish procedure of getting married in modern times can have failed to pine for the good old days when methods were more direct and far cheaper than those of our own times. In the jolly rollicking times of William the Conqueror you never had to take your prospective bride to stalls at the most expensive theatre or hold her hand through endless reels of impossible film dramas. Nor was there that frightful institution known as a night club. The mortal agony of the modern young man who has to leave a half-finished plate of mulligatawny to get up and do the fox-trot, or forsake an alluring sole *impériale* and mushrooms to perform the one-step; the young man, I say, who is dragged from an enticing grouse *en casserole* for the purpose of gyrating to the dirge of the saxophone as it moans out the ultra-latest tango can hardly be described on paper for fear of causing the editor to have heart failure. And even after all this he is not certain of winning the girl.

How much simpler and more dignified it was in the palpitating times of Edward the Confessor, when, aided if necessary by an indeterminate number of churls, poles and perches, you just grabbed her as she laved her limbs in the stream and carried her off. If the father argued you either gave him a quantity of groats or cut his head off with a broad sword or drove several arrows into his breast. If the lady was unfortunately already married, you simply burnt the husband alive as a lesson to him and proceeded as before. It was quite unnecessary to have recourse to the modern divorce court, where matters are removed from the hands of those concerned and arranged for them by those who ought to be doing something more useful. Who ever saw a photograph in the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle headed "The Ladye Ethelfluid leavynge ye dyvorce court after obtayning a decree nisi withal"?

The idea of a queue, again, was quite unknown. The very notion of standing close behind someone else was regarded with the utmost distrust. But to-day, so accustomed have people become to

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COUNTRY air and sunshine is Nature's way, but only one in hundred can get enough of it. For the ninety-nine there is Shem-el-Nessim Face Cream and Face Powder, a perfect substitute, and the simple means of attaining woman's greatest charm—a beautiful complexion. The Cream (a skin food) prevents dryness, cracking and wrinkles. The Face Powder, applied after the Cream, acts as a barrier to the drying effects of wind and sun and imparts a youthful bloom and beauty which is irresistible.

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Face Powder - -	1/6
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Crystal Bath Tablets (Box of 12) - -	3/–
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Of all Chemists & Perfumers.

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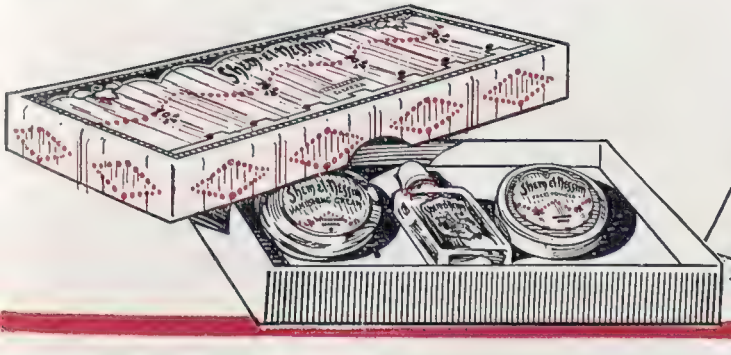
PERFUME, COMPLEXION CREAM & FACE POWDER



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by using Pond's two creams.

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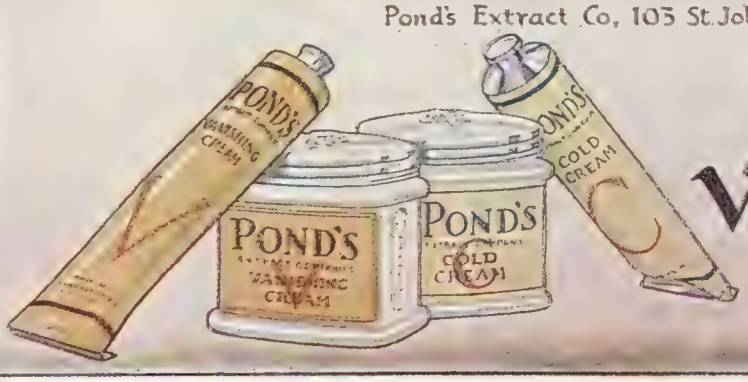
Cold Cream only, extra large jars 5/- extra large tubes 2/6.

"To Soothe and Smooth your Skin"

Pond's Extract Co, 103 St. John Street, London E.C.1



Pond's Vanishing & Cold Creams

SAA

(*Continued from page 98.*)

queues that they stand in them without knowing what they will find when they reach the front.

A great number of the professions of the old days, too, must have been far more interesting than those followed by many of our citizens to-day. It cannot be denied, for instance, that the life of a successful buccaneer must have been far more exciting and profitable than that of a modern rabbit breeder. What, indeed, could be more jolly than to board the *Mauretania* in mid-ocean, lift a few jewels and carry off a few wives, gently dropping overboard any persons of argumentative disposition or unattractive appearance?

"Those who ought to be doing something more useful"

The profession of highwayman must also have been more entrancing and lucrative than that of a bank clerk. I can think of nothing which would provide more fun than to hold up a motor-'bus in Piccadilly and rob the occupants. Yet all these delightful things have been taken from us by laws made or suggested by a few people of nervous disposition.

But the launching of my new society—the Society for the Renewal of Merrie England—will come as a surprise to the spoil sports. Its funds are colossal and its membership gigantic; and the day is not far off when our more enlightened universities will establish chairs in highwaymanship and confer degrees in buccaneering; when a glass of beer will be enough to lay out six men; when a dinner will not be considered a success unless the entire party drops singly or in twos and threes under the table—and remains there; when strap-hanging will be made not only illegal but rendered impossible by the simple expedient of removing the straps; when a man may buy cigarettes all night; when a man will establish his right to a woman by a deft blow with a battle-axe delivered upon the head of his opponent.

That's our programme, sir, and I hope I may have the pleasure of enrolling you as a member. D'E.

DRESSED UP—AND DOWN!

By Rick Elmes

Mother: "Now there's Father Christmas. What do you think of him?"
Child: "I think it's a jolly awful make up!"

By Harry Woolley

A GIVE-AWAY

"... And, darling, I've bought the most beautiful, dinky thing you ever saw for you—to give me for my present!"

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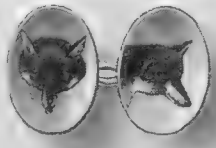
Quality Christmas Presents

18 carat Gold and Enamel Links.
£2 . 12 . 6 per pair.



18 carat Gold and Enamel Links.
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18 carat Gold and Enamel Links.
£3 . 12 . 6 per pair.

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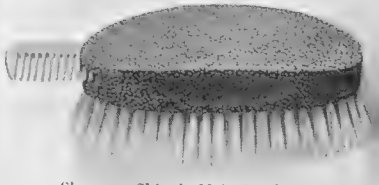
£4 . 10 . 0 per pair.

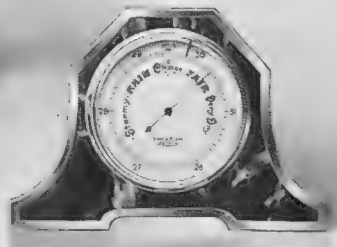
Sterling Silver drop action Pencil, with rigid point and enamelled perpetual calendar **£1 . 15 . 0**
In 9 carat Gold **3 . 15 . 0**
In 18 „ Gold **7 . 5 . 0**

Regent Plate Cocktail Set, with four beakers and corkscrew and bottle opener combination, complete in solid leather case, suitable for motoring.
£5 . 5 . 0

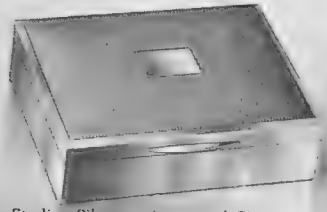
Waterman Fountain Pen, with 9 carat Gold Bands.
£1 . 0 . 0



Shagreen Shingle Hair Brush, with fine quality bristles, complete with Ivory Comb fitted in back of brush.
£3 . 5 . 0



Silver-gilt mounted Tortoiseshell Aneroid Barometer.
£4 . 15 . 0

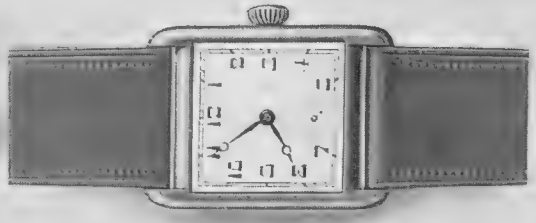


Sterling Silver engine-turned Cigarette Box, lined cedar wood.

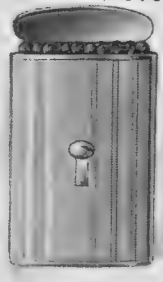
Length 4½ inches ...	**£2 . 10 . 0**
„ 5¾ „ ...	**3 . 0 . 0**
„ 6¾ „ ...	**4 . 5 . 0**

All Sterling Silver Flask, gilt inside, concave pattern, bayonet cap.

To hold 4 ozs.	**£2 . 5 . 0**
„ 6 „	**2 . 15 . 0**
„ 8 „	**3 . 2 . 6**
„ ½ pint	**3 . 15 . 0**



Gentleman's 9 carat Gold Square Wrist Watch, on suede straps.
£10 . 0 . 0



Sterling Silver engine-turned "Universal" Match Box, opened by slide action, has outside striker, and will take safety matches.
£1 . 0 . 0
In 9 carat Gold ... **£6 . 15 . 0**

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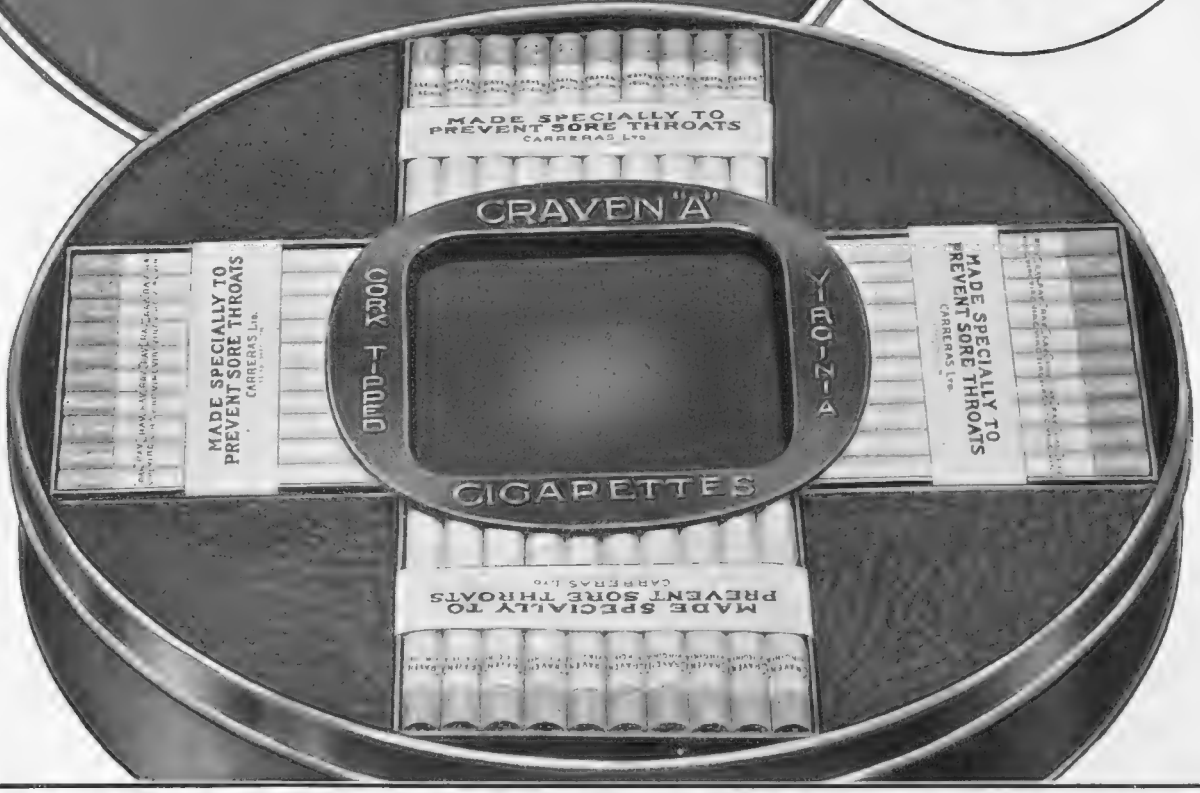

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Brothers Under the Skin

BY WILL OWEN

A striking example of the "skin game" as played with enormous success at the travelling circus

Felicity under Glass

By "CANDIDA"

With all the good people who aim at being really good I like Christmas. It's a foregone conclusion that he, or she, who has no love for Christmas in his soul "is fit for treason, strategy," etc. At Christmas you relent—always supposing there's a reason for it; you repent, if there's anything to be repented of; you bury the hatchet—should there be one; you subscribe charitably to everything subscribable; you feast with the relations and dance with your friends; you give nice presents to the children, and even nicer to the grown-ups, and, finally, you wake up on the morning after the party and feel almost too good to be true. That's what a modern Christmas is for. Not to commemorate an event which changed the whole of the civilised world, but to give you a good conceit of yourself.

And so it's come again, this post-turkey-plum-pudding and pre-New Year interval between this year and the next. Not that we've got there at the time of writing, or of reading, either. Christmas numbers don't rain down from Heaven, as it were, and if this one should be slightly previous, it'll help you to use your imagination. There's no healthier mental exercise, at least that's what the newest education people say. Yes; but how exercise an imagination that's always narrowed in on all sides by the cramping business of living? How feel the thrill of the things that may be always so much more worth having than the things that are? Who hasn't kicked against the terrific monotony of things? Civilisation has a way of turning out one's days after one pattern, and a dull one at that; and life, with its dull procession of days, is rather like a grocer's shop where jam pots and things stand in interminable rows. The people who haven't an ounce of adventure in their blood may like such geometrical sincerity; and they're lucky if never, for one mad moment, they've longed to upset this admirable tidiness just for the fun of seeing the pieces fly. They're lucky if, like our good, unromantic Ulysses, they've always turned a deaf ear to enchantment. But, seriously, are there such people? Are there people who've never wondered what it must feel like to be the other person; who've never paused to think what the play must be like from the wrong side of the curtain, and whether kings are still kings in their dreams at night?

Christmas isn't exactly the right moment for adventures. There's a

(Continued on page 108)

Christmas Sports—The Race for the Cup

Schweppes
DEVONSHIRE
CYDER

A Recipe for Cyder Cup

Put into a large glass jug or bowl one pint Schweppes Cyder, one gill Schweppes Lemon Squash, one gill brandy, one whole syphon Soda Water, sugar to taste, lemon slices on top with grated nutmeg; add a dash of Pineapple syrup if desired

WILLS

Ideal Christmas Gifts are provided in HAMPTONS extensive and very varied selection of

RICHLY COLOURED LAMPSHADES, CUSHIONS,

Table Runners, Floor Pouffes, and the numerous other items which are of such great assistance in the attainment of perfect colour schemes for rooms.

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Hamptons' No. V605. Ribbon and Floral Mirror, hand coloured, 9×19 in. **49/6**

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Hamptons' No. V613. Silk and Damask Table Runner, trimmed gold braid and fringe. 6 ft. 0 in.×1 ft. 3 in. **32/6.** Also in gold, rose, fuchsia, orange, etc. A big selection of Runners from **7/6** to **£5 5 0**

Hamptons' No. V616. Hamptons' Brocade Cushion, 22 in. square, trimmed braid, filled down **27/6.** Also in jade and gold, blue and gold, orange and gold, green and gold. A great variety of Cushions from **18/6** to **£12**

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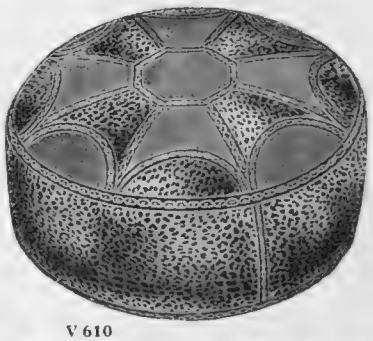

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A safe Sanitas

SANITAS
& the flu germ

Make a habit of gargling night and morning with a tablespoonful of Sanitas in a half a tumbler of warm water, and you can laugh at influenza. It is not only sound health insurance, but also delightfully cleansing and refreshing.

SANITAS FLUID

no-place-like-home feeling about it, and it's seldom enough we feel that way; which doesn't prevent lots of people from tearing off to their happy hunting grounds, where they've invented dozens of new ways of being strenuous, and to hotels all over the country which are chock-a-block, as usual. Should you ask for a table at the eleventh hour at any decent dining place, well you won't get it, that's all. Therefore you'd think that there's no one left to enjoy the home fireside and the family parties? You're mistaken. There's the same crowd everywhere, always, though how it's managed I can't pretend to explain.

At Christmas I think it's best to let those who like that sort of thing stalk the far adventure—which mostly doesn't come off. I prefer to court romance, such as it is nowadays, in the Christmas book list. It comes out ages before Christmas, and the very titles in it hold out a promise of enchanted hours. Only the worst of it is that one orders and reads one's Christmas books, like one's Christmas numbers, well before the proper time for fear that there mightn't be any leisure afterwards to do them justice in. Hence, I've just read an amusing "Wellsian" story—only it wasn't by Wells—a tale with a sting in it, or as much of a sting as one would allow it to have. For there's this difference between experience at first hand and experience between book covers: one needn't profit by the latter unless one likes.

HARD LUCK! By Batchelor

"What have you got, Mr. Jones?"
"I thought it was the thimble, but it's only a piece of the pudding"

It all happened in some old city long, long ago, before they set up the Sphinx and invented the Pyramids. Someone had hit on the extraordinary notion of covering it in with a huge glass roof. The sunlight filtered, as best it could, through an enormous dome obscured by millions of spiders' webs, and underneath it people lived their lives as most of us do, but with this difference: everything that went wrong was put down to the glass roof which covered in their world. If people were ill, if they were poor, if their love affairs went wrong, if virtue was ignored and vice punished, it was the fault of the glass. "Life would be so splendid," they sighed, "if only we could see the sun without all this glass stuff." But nobody thought of taking it

(Continued on page 110)

The practical gift is the best of all!

Can you imagine anything more happy in conception than a gift to brighten and cheer the home this Christmastide? An Aladdin Lamp for instance! Its wonderful light—so soft and white—will chase away the gloominess of winter days. Gas or electric light need not worry you in your choice, for there is room in every home for an Aladdin Lamp irrespective of any other means of illumination. Besides, Aladdin Lamps are so artistic, and the range illustrated includes a type to harmonise with any room. Yes! An Aladdin Lamp is certainly the happiest gift of all. May we send our catalogue?

Aladdin

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West End Showrooms 48, MORTIMER STREET (NEAR OXFORD CIRCUS) W.1

What is her gift to him?

There's her heart in it, and a good deal of "head" too.

It is well thought out, this gift.

She wants to give pleasure, not just for a day, but *every* day for years ahead.

And, of course, she wants the world to think well of him.

Perhaps there is some thought for herself as well.

She *likes* smooth cheeks in a man. Not just for a day—beneath the mistletoe—but every day . . . . . ? And a woman knows how it helps a man to feel well-groomed.

So she gives him a Valet, the self-sharpening razor that will renew his affection for itself and its giver every morning of a lifetime.

"VALET"
AutoStrop Safety Razor

British Made—of all dealers.

No. 6. TOURIST SET. In handsome black morocco case, lined velvet and satin; containing heavily silvered razor, twelve blades and strop, also two plated tubes containing fine hair "Valet" shaving brush and stick of shaving soap. Complete as illustrated **32/6**

No. 50. NICKEL SET. In highly polished nickel case with domed lid, contains heavily silvered self-stropping "Valet" Razor, twelve tested "Valet" blades, and strop of selected shell horsehide in hinged container. Complete as illustrated .. **21/-**

No. 55. MODEL "C" SET. Contains self-stropping "Valet" Razor, three blades and leather strop. In highly polished nickelled case with hinged strop container and nickelled blade sheath, lined velvet and satin. Complete as illustrated **7/6**

No. 99 SET. The popular half-crown "Valet" Outfit. Contains the essentials for a perfect "Valet" shave—the Razor, one Blade and Strop in neat case **2/6**

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IN A WHITE HEAT! By Peter Fraser

Victim: "I'll give you something when I catch you!"
Marksman: "Yah! Don't talk 'ot 'eaded!"

off. It was too high up; there were too many dangerous spiders about. Also there were tiresome laws, and, worse still, there was human cowardice, to say nothing of laziness to be reckoned with. But one day a poor little apprentice, for the love of a lovely lady who had promised to marry him when the glass roof came off, set out alone for the mighty pillars in the far-off plains which supported the great dome. After incredible adventures he got there, and with one great blow shattered the huge fabric. The sun shed a shower of gold on the city, where there was much rejoicing and feasting, and such Christmas dinners as there never were. The Millennium had come at last. Only, of course, it hadn't. Next day it was noticed that the sick people were still sick, the poor as poor as ever, that virtue was as dull as usual, etc., etc. All that the sun had done was to show up one's misery more plainly. The world was still the world. And humanity at once began to look forward hopefully to the great day when the glass roof would be on again.

I like that story, with its sun of happiness which shines too little because of the glass in between or shines too much because there isn't any. And I confidently expect it to mend its ways by the first of January, 1927. That's what new years are for.

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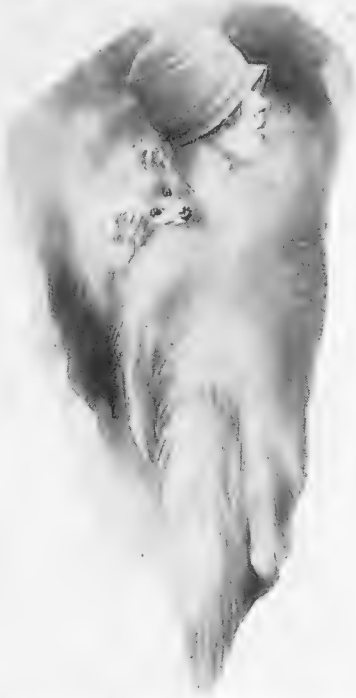

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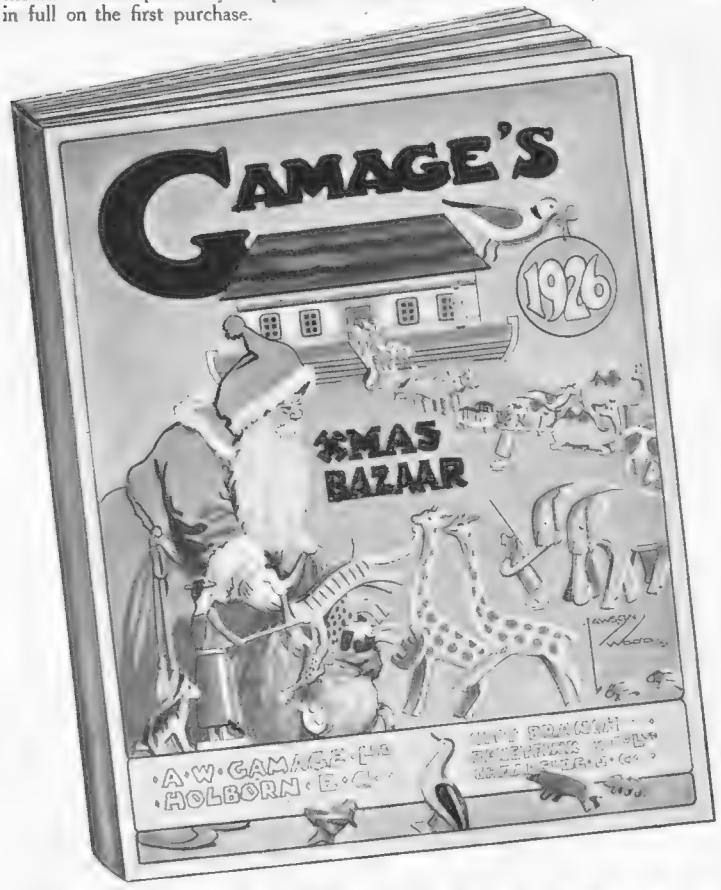

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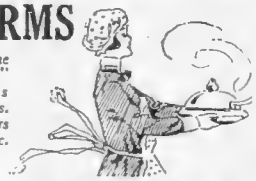

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BY SPECIAL WARRANT OF APPOINTMENT TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING OF PORTUGAL.

A Distinctive Label on a Century-Old Bottle

CLUBLAND WHITE

The Finest Port Procurable.

Follow the lead of the best Judges of Port—Drink CLUBLAND WHITE.

Fully branded and Registered in 1883.

THE "GORDON"

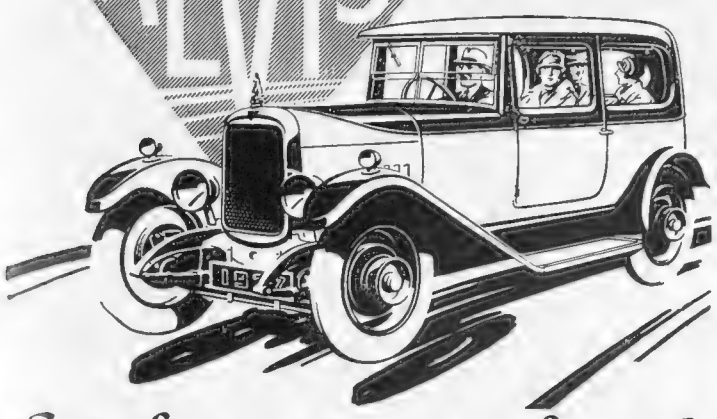
ROBERT HEATH'S, Ltd., of Knightsbridge, newest superfine quality Felt Hat. Very light in weight, beautifully finished throughout, absolutely weatherproof. The brim is just the right width, slightly turned up at back, with crown in proportion: in fact **a Robert Heath Hat of Distinction.** In all head sizes and these newest colours: Drab, Beech, Rosewood, Pumice, New Sand, Sable and Black. Price **37/6**

ROBERT HEATH

of Knightsbridge.

ONLY ADDRESS:
37 & 39, KNIGHTSBRIDGE, S.W.1.

THE 1927 ALVIS



Satisfies your sense of speed
Gratifies your finer tastes —

THE new 1927 ALVIS is another mighty step forward in British car excellence, the result of seven years intensive concentration on the same ideal—quality and performance before all else. There is a new abundance of power, still smoother running, greater driving ease and safety from improved brakes, greater comfort and beauty introduced into entirely redesigned coachwork—positively the last word in luxury and refinement.

ø

An ideal achieved, the speed of the race track under perfect control allied to beauty and comfort, with an economy in running costs that places the "big" car out of court. Now, more than ever you will value the ALVIS for what it is, the highest degree of British automobile excellence and value.

ø

The Model illustrated is the new Four-Seater Sports Saloon that has created a furore in motoring circles. It is priced at £595. May we send you full particulars? The ALVIS CAR & ENGINEERING CO., LTD., COVENTRY.

"The Car for the Connoisseur" H.P.

BECHSTEIN

WONDERFUL
NEW BABY GRANDS

To say that one instrument is better than another is to express an opinion—to say that the BECHSTEIN is better than any other is to express the unanimous and enthusiastic opinion of the world's greatest musicians, past and present.

SECONDHAND PIANOS

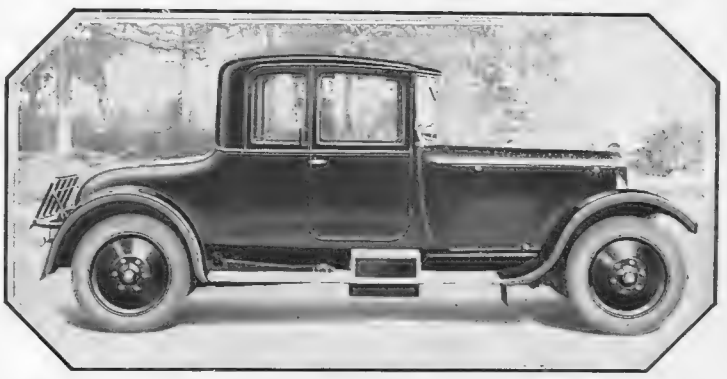
Reconditioned like new at popular prices. Easy payments arranged. Tunings and repairs.

ONLY ADDRESS:

65, SOUTH MOLTON ST.

NEAR BOND ST., W.1.

The 21 h.p. 6-Cylinder Lanchester



THE Lady Driver will find the Lanchester a car that is suited to her requirements in every way. The control is simplicity itself, steering is beautifully light, and gear changing calls for no effort. The 21 h.p. 6-cylinder Coupé illustrated possesses a particular appeal; it is compact, yet provides ample accommodation. The lines of the body suggest luxurious travel, and the interior is upholstered in a manner that leaves nothing to be desired. We shall be pleased to forward photographs and specifications on request. Dunlop Tyres standard.

Lanchester Cars

THE LANCHESTER MOTOR COMPANY, LTD.,
Armourer Mills, Birmingham. 95, New Bond Street, London, W. 88, Deansgate, Manchester.

The Insult

By HARRY SCHARPF

He said: "Lu, you are undermining your health persistently. You are sleeping far into the day, smoking one cigarette after the other, sipping your mocha like a Turk, consuming alcohol, and secretly taking cocaine. You are walking about in winter insufficiently clad and in summer you let the sun burn you the colour of an Arab. You are a perfectly unreasonable creature!"

She smiled.

He said: "Lu, you manage your affairs worse and worse every day. You do not care at all about your household. Instead of trying to balance your income and expenses, you are simply throwing your money away. Pretentious beyond measure, you covet everything you fancy, appreciating nothing you possess. You are a spendthrift."

She smiled.

He said: "Lu, as a mother you are getting more negligent every day. Your children do not get a glimpse of you for weeks. They grow up like street-Arabs, their young dispositions are being ruined under careless attendants. They are driven to centre their childish affections on their dog Rolfe. Their noisy games give you an excuse for sending them out of the house. You are, indeed, an unnatural mother."

She smiled.

He said: "Lu, you are becoming more warped every day spiritually. Your mind is fed on most flimsy literature, shallow novels and futile magazines. You show a predilection for frivolous and empty plays, for street-ditties. Cinemas and crossword puzzles obsess your mind. You are a shallow doll."

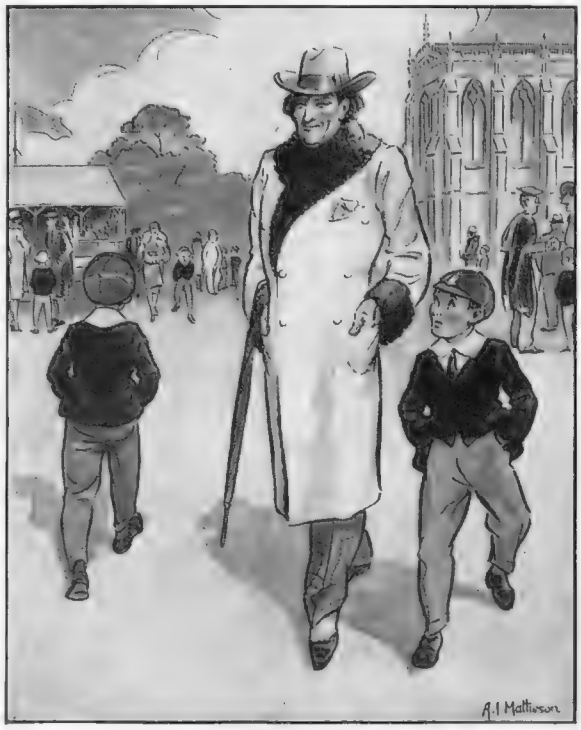
She smiled.

He said: "Lu, you are getting more shameless every day. You are utterly worldly and unprincipled."

She smiled.

He said (casually): "Lu, you are getting fatter every day."

This roused her! And drawing herself up like a viper, she threw everything at his feet!



By A. I. Matheson

THE IMMORTALS!

Son (to great musician): "Dad, you ought to meet that chap—he's second comb in our jazz band"

Essential Rightness **Humber**

THE continued popularity of Humber Cars is due to their splendid road performance at all times. Only essential correctness of design and construction could result in the reputation Humber enjoys in all parts of the world. The Humber is the car to choose, because everywhere it lives up to the claims made for it.

MODELS FROM £260 TO £1,050

DUNLOP TYRES STANDARD.

May we send you our 1927 Catalogue?

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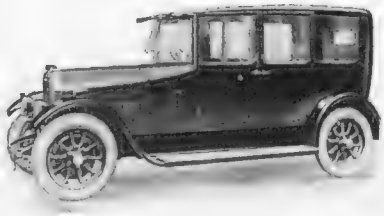
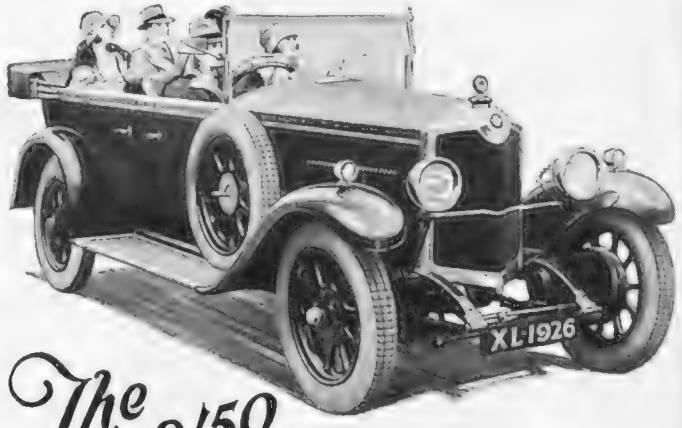
Export Branch Office: 32, Holborn Viaduct, E.C.1.

Repairs and Service Depot: Canterbury Rd., Kilburn, N.W.6.



20/55 H.P. 6-cyl. 5-7 Seater Landaulette.



The 18/50 **Crossley** **SIX CYLINDER**

A CAR to thrill the most seasoned motorist. Acceleration and performance unequalled by any other car of its capacity.

Silence. Speed. Beauty

One hundred per cent. efficient.

Six cylinders. Overhead valves. Four-wheel brakes. Everything of the latest. Tested as few cars have been tested in the history of motoring.

Touring Car - - - £675
Fabric Saloon - - - £720
Enclosed Limousine - £875
Enclosed Landaulette - £895

CROSSLEY MOTORS LTD., MANCHESTER
London Showrooms and Export Dept., 40 41, Conduit St., W.1

If you are interested in a smaller car ask for details of the **Crossley 14** now **£350**

DEAFNESS
(HEAD NOISES)

XMAS WITHOUT HEARING IS UNTHINKABLE

ALL the joys of the shopping—the parties and plays—the Church Services—the wireless can be yours now and for life the simple, natural "ARDENTE-ACOUSTIQUE" way.

HARD OF HEARING or ACUTELY DEAF

Deafness is so gradual in its growth that some find it difficult to believe they are victims to this amazingly prevalent and entirely isolating disability. They think that speakers socially, in church, and on the stage are less distinct, but the penalties of deafness are so overwhelming that they refrain from admitting the distressing truth. Human intercourse is denied them, and slowly but surely they find themselves slipping out of it. To see lips moving, changing expressions, twinkling eyes, and feel shut out makes them feel their usefulness is impaired and sociability hampered, whilst to use cumbersome trumpets and instruments is to be a marked man.

In many cases the disability must increase of its own momentum because mere abstention from trying to hear makes "hard-of-hearing" into acute deafness, often causing distressing head noises. The great thing is to

HEAR WITHOUT STRAIN

and that is only achieved by helping to correct the defect individually.

"Ardente-Acoustique" collects and conveys sound

TRUE-TO-TONE

(no vibration or distortion which would aggravate the trouble) because it is fitted to suit the case and its needs. It is the ONLY INDIVIDUAL METHOD, and is ***entirely different and uncopyable,*** and is replacing all the mass-production trumpets and bulky instruments which, being mere sound magnifiers, cause extraneous sounds.

THE AID THE SIZE OF A BUTTON

Carries a life-long guarantee, and is inconspicuous for men, women, and children. It makes up to your ears what they lack naturally—leaves the hands free—there is nothing to hold by speaker or listener. True hearing at all ranges and angles.

Deaf doctors use it—eminent aurists recommend it—many politicians, church dignitaries, business men, sportsmen and professional men carry on their everyday life's activities with ease and comfort by its aid. Users between the ages of 2½ and 97 years.

SPECIAL XMAS PRESENTATION SCHEME

What better gift than the gift of perfect hearing to your deaf friend!—write or call for details of special presentation scheme.

CALL IF YOU CAN

and test without fee or obligation, or write for details and Medical Reports.

FREE HOME TESTS ARRANGED.

MR R H DENT'S
ARDENTE
"ACOUSTIQUE"
TRADE MARK

Pronounced R-DENT—AKOOSTEEK
When calling ASK for Mr. Dent.
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Private G.P.O. Box 724, 95 Wigmore Street, London, W.1

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(Back of Selfridges) Mayfair 1380/1718.

9 Duke St., **Cardiff.**
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THE BRITISH AID FOR BRITISH EARS

Quality & Distinction

Louder, clearer, more sensitive and more realistic in tone than any contemporary instrument, the

Radiolu I AMPLION

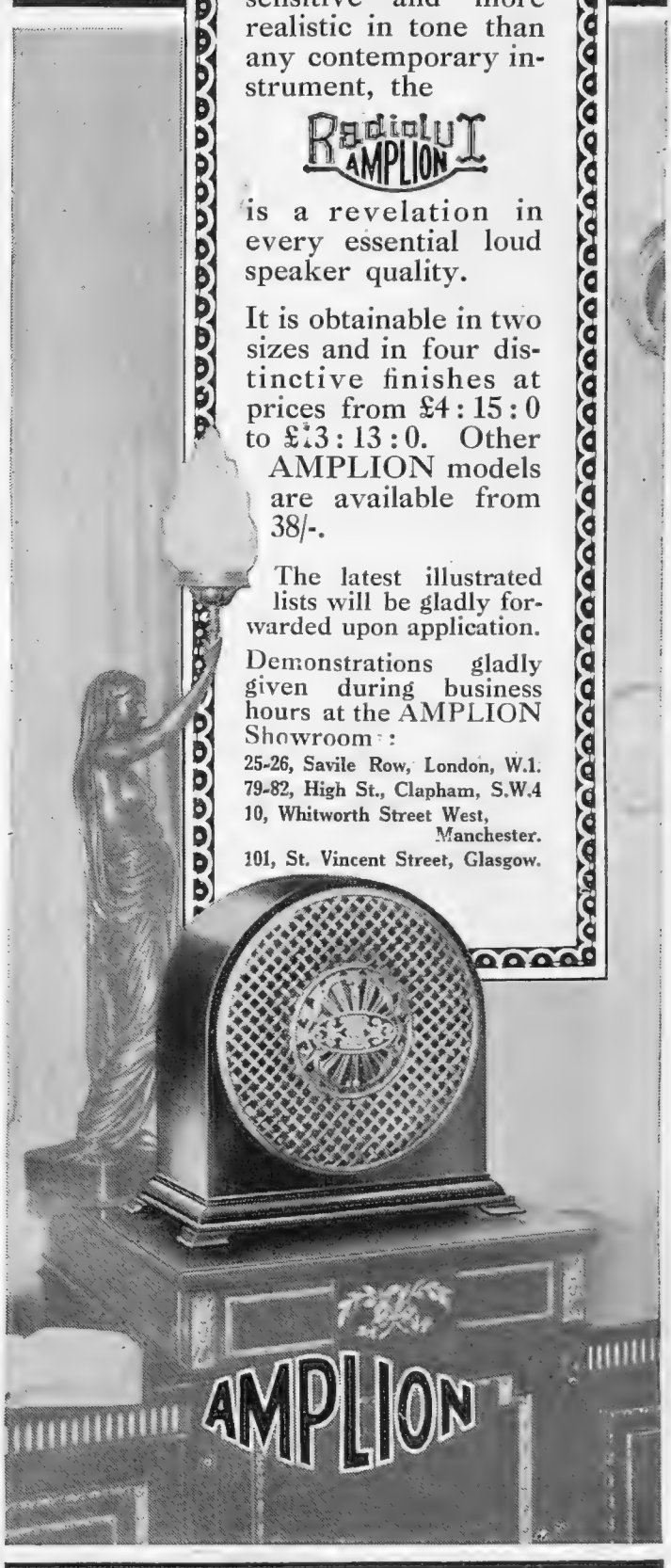
is a revelation in every essential loud speaker quality.

It is obtainable in two sizes and in four distinctive finishes at prices from £4 : 15 : 0 to £13 : 13 : 0. Other AMPLION models are available from 38/-.

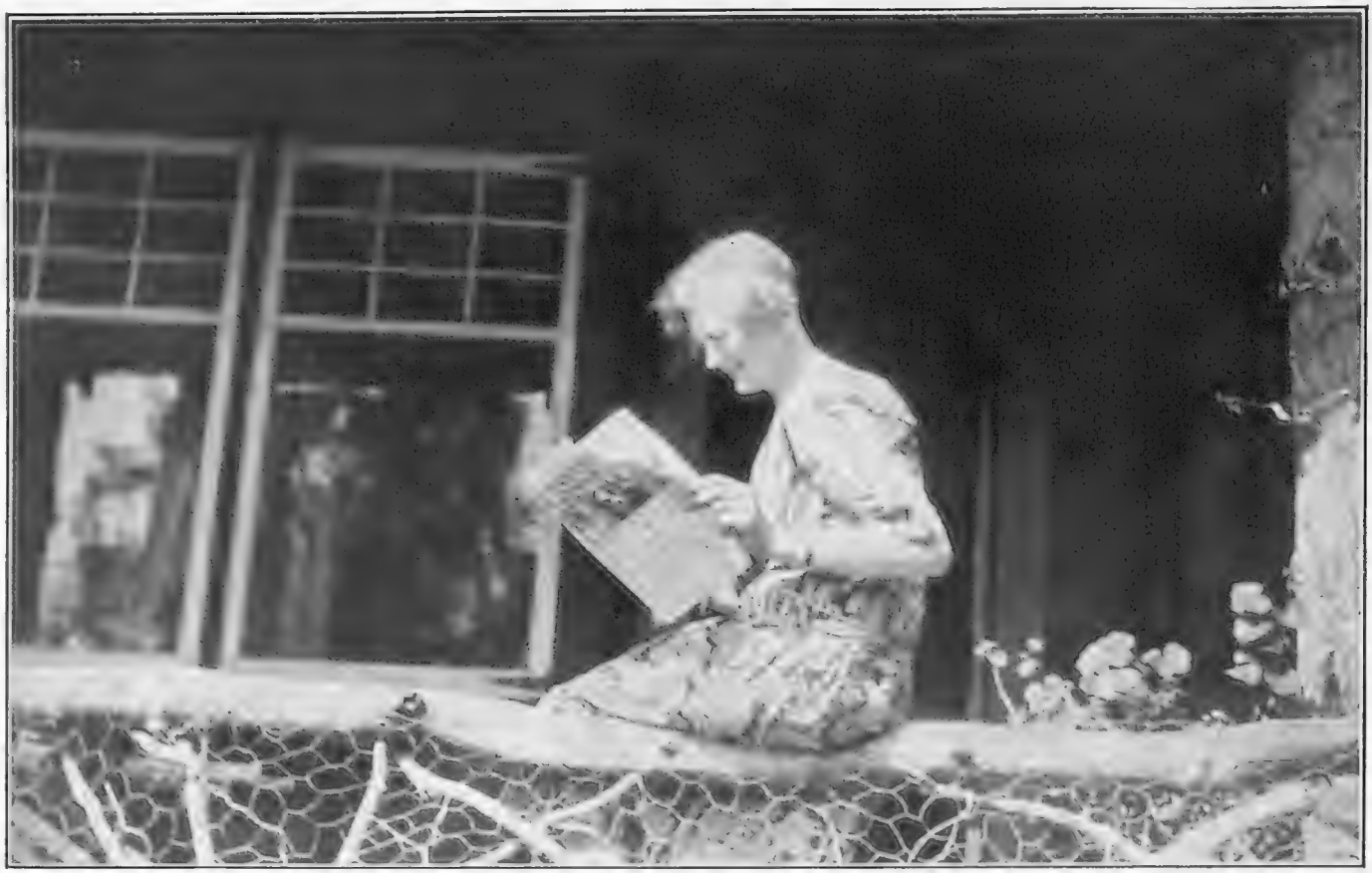
The latest illustrated lists will be gladly forwarded upon application.

Demonstrations gladly given during business hours at the AMPLION Showroom:

25-26, Savile Row, London, W.1.
79-82, High St., Clapham, S.W.4
10, Whitworth Street West, Manchester.
101, St. Vincent Street, Glasgow.



Announcement of Alfred Graham & Co. (M. Graham), 25, Savile Row, London, W.1.



A WELCOME ARRIVAL

A visitor from the Old Country which is always sure of a welcome arrives at its destination. The photograph was taken on Vancouver Island

POPE & BRADLEY
Civil Military & Naval Tailors
of OLD BOND St LONDON W1
By appointment to H.M. the King of Spain

The Velvet Grip

INDIVIDUALISM

By H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

EXCEPT upon occasional first nights at the theatre—when the audience is pleasantly groomed if mentally inert—and at Sandown or Kempton Park—where unclothed thoroughbreds display the culture of the flesh—the average crowd does not inspire one's sense of beauty.

Man is seen at his worst in the herd. Individuality is lost and the conglomeric odour, both physical and mental, becomes nauseous. In the herd man seems to be less intelligent than the ant, and less industrious than the bee. All our progress has been due to the inventiveness of an infinitesimal minority.

The nation of the future will be that which produces the greatest number of efficient individualists. The herd instinct should be gently purged and its stupidity effectively fumigated. The present European chaos is the inevitable outcome of deliberate political craft in misleading the populace. Flattered, cajoled, used, lied to and betrayed—the herd has become a seething body without a head. Slaves in the "war for freedom," the illusory "homes for heroes" vanished before the political bribery of doles for the dawdlers. So, seizing their chance of exhibiting their puny egos, up sprang the illiterate leaders, unanimous in one thing, the advocation of the millennium of measured sloth.

For one brief moment, in perverted humour, a starry-eyed megalomaniac actually posed as "the man who won the war." Even the Manx cats shook their tails with laughter.

Which is all pathetically comic, since not only did no man but no nation win the war. We all lost—desperately and irretrievably.

If any of the human species gained, it was not man, but woman. She annexed her individuality whilst man lost his. Hence her unparalleled progress, which is heralded by the alluring symbols of her daring disregard.

* * * * * * *

This is really an essay on ready-made overcoats—at least that was the original intention. But one must trace evil to its source, and war and corrupt politics are fundamentally responsible for men losing their individuality, becoming serfs, and slothfully adopting these ready-made indecencies and abortions to cover their ready-made shame.

In the matter of clothes all women are different. Let us hope that men will never degenerate to indifference—either with or without trousers.

Pope and Bradley's materials are manufactured exclusively to their own designs, and cannot be obtained elsewhere in Britain. There are many new and beautifully subdued shades, and the coats will be cut by artists who will subtly mould them to the figure of the individual wearer.

There is the additional virtue of the rigid morality in the prices. Lounge Suits and Overcoats from £9 9s. od. Dinner Suits from £14 14s. od. Dress Suits from £16 16s. od. Riding Breeches from £5 15s. 6d.

14 OLD BOND STREET W
& 11 & 13 SOUTHAMPTON ROW W.C
also ROYAL EXCHANGE MANCHESTER

DINNEFORD'S MAGNESIA.

Trust Dinneford's

The regular use of Dinneford's Magnesia has been proved in thousands of cases, during the past hundred years, to afford relief in cases of Acidity of the Stomach, Rheumatic Gout, Gravel, Headache, Indigestion, Sour Eructations, Bilious Affections, &c., and is widely recommended by Doctors.

A mild safe aperient for people of all ages. Solid or powdered magnesia is most dangerous to take as it is liable to form hard insoluble lumps in the bowels.

AVOID IMITATIONS

Look for the name "DINNEFORD'S" on every bottle and label.

Price 1/3 and 2/6 per bottle.

RADIUM *v.* GREY HAIR

Grey Hair Conquered

Since you've had your hair shingled it requires more attention than ever. Those two or three grey hairs so easily hidden before now stand revealed. Many more will appear unless you arrest their progress. A few applications of 'Caradium' will restore grey hair to its full natural colour and beauty, while a weekly application of 'Caradium' is an assurance against Grey Hairs appearing at all. 'Caradium' hair restorer

IS NOT A DYE

Special Hair book sent gratis on request.

The Radio-active water from which 'Caradium' is prepared is the secret of its wonderful value. It will stop hair from falling, eradicates dandruff, completely restores the colour, and is the greatest preventive of Grey Hair known.

Caradium HAIR RESTORER

'Caradium' is obtainable of Harrods, Whiteleys, Selfridges (Hairdressing), Army and Navy Stores, Boots (All Branches), leading Chemists, or direct in plain package (postage 6d. extra) **7/6**

'CARADIUM' (Regd.), 174 New Bond St., London, W.1

FOOT'S

ADJUSTABLE REST-CHAIRS

168, Gt. Portland Street, London, W.1.

Simply press a button and the back declines, or automatically rises, to any position desired by the occupant. Release the button and the back is locked.

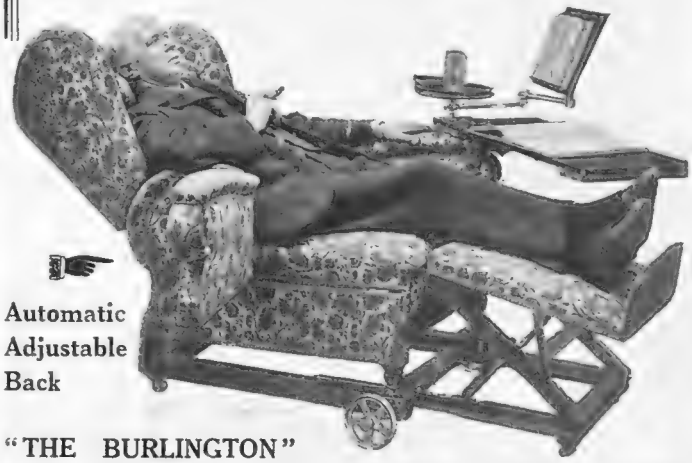
The Arms open outwards, affording easy access and exit.

The Leg Rest is adjustable to various inclinations, and can be used as a footstool. When not in use it slides under the seat.

The front Table, Reading Desk, and Side Tray are adjustable and removable.

The only chair combining these conveniences, or that is so easily adjusted.

Catalogue C22 of Adjustable Chairs Free.



Automatic Adjustable Back

"THE BURLINGTON"
(Patented)

hotel de Luxe

Sporting Shoes

"Faulkner's are in the first rank of Bootmakers, making some of the most beautiful footwear in the world, and boots for sports and hunting form a special side to their work."—*The Queen.*

Faulkner & Son

51 & 52, South Molton St,

BOND ST, LONDON, W.1.

A LUNCHEON MENU FOR EIGHT PERSONS

Grape Fruit.
Lobster Soufflé.
Casserole of Chicken with Chipped Potatoes.
Mince Pies.
Chestnut Cream.
Celery à la Parmesan.
Coffee.

A CHRISTMAS DINNER

Oysters Served in the Shell.
Clear Soup.
Fillets of Sole with Mushrooms.
Kromeskys of Game.
Roast Turkey with Chestnut Stuffing.
Boiled Ham.
Plum Pudding. Almond Sauce.
Melon Ice.
Devilled Anchovies.
Dessert. Coffee. Liqueurs.

Chestnut Cream

Pound some boiled chestnuts and pass them through a sieve. Mix in some whipped cream, flavoured with curacoa, and some gelatine, previously dissolved in milk. Add sugar to taste. Pour into a mould and leave to set.

Celery à la Parmesan

Stew some celery in milk till tender, and make a white sauce, into which grated Parmesan should be mixed, and then place the celery on the dish it is to be served in. Pour the white sauce over, then a layer of grated Parmesan, then a thin layer of breadcrumbs, and over all put pieces of butter. Brown in the oven, and serve.

Fillets of Sole with Mushrooms

Three good-sized Dover soles, ½ lb. of mushrooms, 1 oz. of butter, pepper and salt, and a little lemon juice. Lay the fillets on a dish, rub them with lemon juice, and sprinkle over them a little salt. Peel the mushrooms, cut them in two, put them in a saucepan with the butter, salt and pepper. Stir for fifteen minutes, then put aside till cool. Then chop them finely, and lay a little on the fillets, roll up to a nice shape. When all are done put them in a buttered pie-dish, and bake twenty minutes to half an hour. Dish up and pour a rich white sauce over them. A few mushrooms added to the sauce are a nice addition.

Kromeskys of Game

Three oz. of game, 1 oz. of ham or tongue, 1 oz. of butter, ½ oz. of flour, 1 egg, 1 tablespoonful of cream, lemon juice. *Kromesky Batter:* ¼ lb. of flour, one tablespoonful of salad oil, the whites of two eggs, a quarter pint of tepid water, salt. Put the flour in a basin, add the salt, make a hole in the centre, and drop in the oil. Beat with a wooden spoon, add the water gradually, stir in the eggs well beaten. Put the meat twice through the mincing machine, and season well. Melt the butter, stir in the flour, add the meat, give it a stir over the fire, then remove, add the cream, eggs and lemon juice. Turn it on to a plate to get cold. Cut some slices of bacon as thin as possible, place on each side a teaspoonful of the mince, and roll it up neatly. Dip each into the batter, and fry in boiling fat.

Emilia.

Postage Rates for THE BYSTANDER CHRISTMAS NUMBER : Great Britain, 5d. Abroad, 5d. Canada, 1½d.

LEATHER GOODS OF DISTINCTION

¶ *Unique designs in compact and light combination fitted Dressing and Suit Cases for ladies and gentlemen, in Morocco, Calf, Pigskin, etc., with enamel, ivory and silver-gilt accessories. The fitted tray can be removed and converted into a separate case.*

Cartier's

NEW DEPARTMENT FIRST FLOOR—
175-6 NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W. 1.

Telephone: GERRARD 3758.

Dr. BARNARDO'S HOMES

Harold.

Harold never knew a mother, for her life was the price of his. When at ten weeks he was admitted to Barnardo's it didn't look as if life of any sort, sad or glad, would claim him for long. One doctor gave him up as "hopeless," and a consultant gave no more cheering prospect. Day after day the baby lost weight, till the darkest day of all came, when the doctor said to the Matron, "We can do nothing more, only leave him to you"; and then, on Christmas Day, the sunniest of all Sunshine Days in the year, baby began to improve, and has never since gone back. To-day he is one of the sturdiest of sunshine dwellers, for the mother love that money cannot buy he found abundantly in Dr. Barnardo's Homes.

Will you send

A CHRISTMAS GIFT

to help Barnardo's to carry on their work amongst the orphan and destitute little people of the Nation? 101,000 children have been admitted. 7,725 children now being supported.

Cheques payable **"Dr. Barnardo's Homes Food Fund,"** *and crossed, may be addressed to Dr. Barnardo's Homes, 74, Barnardo House, Stepney Causeway, E.1.*

Chivers' Olde English Marmalade

Chivers' Olde English is a Marmalade of distinction. It is made of the choicest Seville oranges and refined sugar only, by a special process which preserves to the full the valuable tonic properties and appetising flavour of the fruit.

Chivers' Mincemeat

Made from selected ingredients in accordance with a famous recipe, it keeps up the old tradition of home-made perfection.

Chivers' Plum Puddings

An English delicacy that is worthy of the spirit of English Christmas. Everything about it is of the highest quality.

CHIVERS & SONS, LTD., The Orchard Factory, Histon, Cambridge.

Appearance has an actual influence on character. A smart suit or hat almost compels self-esteem as it does the esteem of others. Battersby hats combine style and service.

Insist on a Battersby.

Battersby BRITISH HATS FOR MEN

Sold by the best Hatters.

Prices : 20/-, 25/-, 30/-

The "CIRRUS," a light-weight Luxury Bowler - - Price 25/-

Actual Makers : BATTERSBY & CO., Ltd., STOCKPORT.

Benger's for backward children.

Parents who have a child growing too rapidly, or weakly, or not thriving, can be sure that extra nutrition of a particular kind is required. There is nothing better than Benger's Food for backward children, and a cupful between meals, and at bed-time, provides just what is wanted.

Benger's Food is always made with fresh new milk. It enriches and converts the milk into a delicious food cream, very easy to digest.

Sold in Tins, by Chemists, etc., everywhere.
Prices : 1/4, 2/3, 4/- *and* 8/6.

BENGER'S Food

Trade Mark.

The Benger's Food Booklet contains many valuable hints to mothers with backward children, post free.

BENGER'S FOOD, Ltd., MANCHESTER.

NEW YORK (U.S.A.): 90 Beekman St. SYDNEY (N.S.W.): 117 Pitt St. CAPE TOWN (S.A.): P.O. Box 573.

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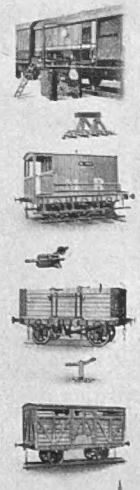
MODEL RAILWAYS



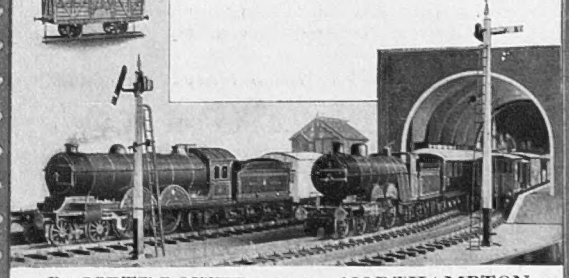
Make him happy this Xmas with a

BASSETT-LOWKE Model Railway

The real thing in miniature.

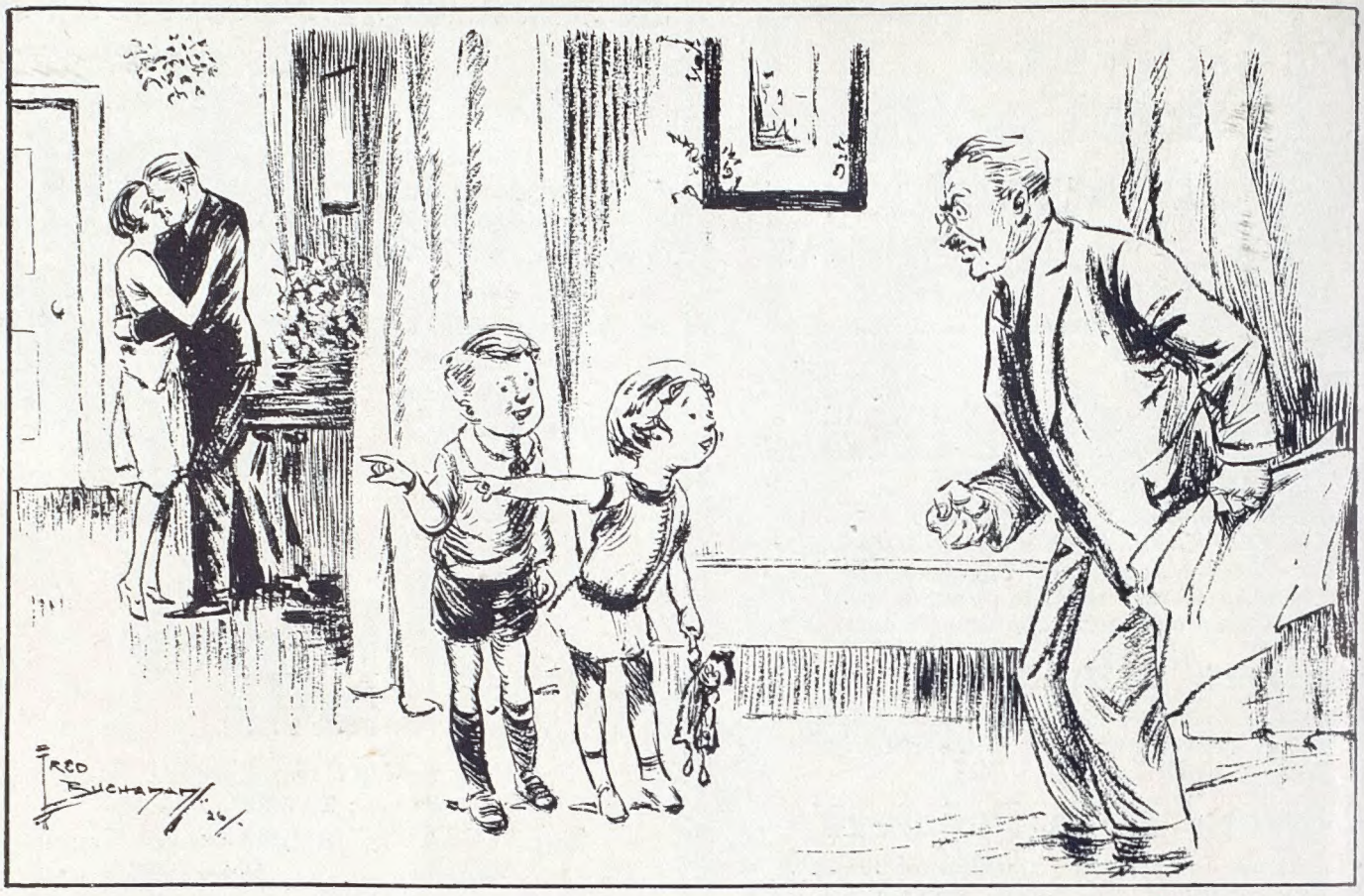
Designed and built by skilled engineers. Marvellous reproductions of our British trains.

Write for Catalogue of 176 pages—a magnificent "picture book" of locomotives, wagons, signals, etc. Price 6d. post free from Northampton. Ask for Catalogue A/63.



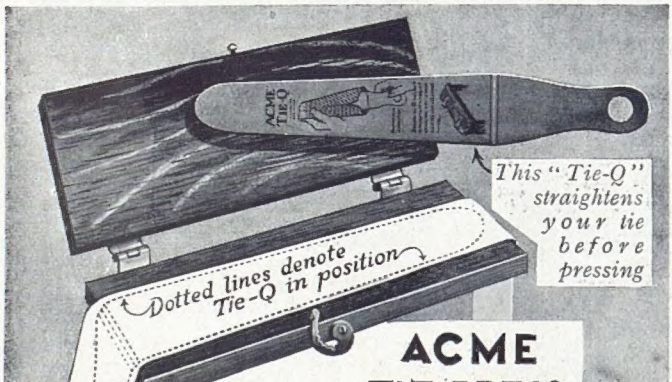
BASSETT-LOWKE, Ltd., NORTHAMPTON

LONDON BRANCH - - 112, HIGH HOLBORN, W.C.1.
EDINBURGH BRANCH - - - 1, FREDERICK STREET.



"THE LITTLE THINGS THAT TELL!"

By Fred Buchanan



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100% Efficiency

USE an Acme Tie Press and make your Ties look better and last longer. Its efficiency is assured by the "Tie-Q" which is inserted in the Tie to straighten out the creases before pressing. A Tie from the press is as new and ensures that smart appearance essential to the well groomed man. Prices from Two-and-Sixpence each in any of the Meakers Shops.

There is also the Acme Trousers Press with a beautiful inlaid design which should be seen.

AN IDEAL XMAS GIFT

MEAKERS

RELIABLE AS OAK

37-38 CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, E.C.2

THIRTY LONDON SHOPS

Complete with Mirror and Houbigant Compact Powder. Plain or Engine Turned (6 styles) in either 10 year Rolled Gold or Hall Marked Sterling Silver. Uniform price for all styles

21/-

From all high-class Jewellers. Correspondence with Makers will quickly solve any difficulty.

The Perfect Gift

Amongst a multitude of Christmas Gift ideas, this one is outstanding in possessing all the essentials of the Perfect Gift: it is useful; it is elegant; and it will be a *lasting* reminder of your thoughtfulness.

Made by Dennisons, the Watch Case People.

DENNISON WATCH CASE Co., Ltd.
BIRMINGHAM.

The DQ Powder Box

EWART'S LIGHTNING GEYSER

The name EWART is a guarantee – Get EWART'S

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ESTABLISHED 1834

The Chocolate Season

Make *this* chocolate season the best of all she has ever known by giving her Rowntree's York Chocolates, the famous chocolates of guaranteed quality. New flavours to tempt you. New designs to please you

And all boxes containing 1 lb. or more of Rowntree's York Chocolates are sold at the price of the chocolates inside, no extra charge being made for the boxes.

ROWNTREE'S YORK CHOCOLATES

Specially packed in Fancy Boxes

PLAIN YORK

Rowntree's new eating Chocolate.

½ lb. cakes 1/-; and in 6d. cakes, etc.

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